

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

NOTICE.

Next Friday being Good Friday, THE ACADEMY will be published on Thursday Morning. All Advertisements must reach the Office, 52 CARY STREET, by four o'clock on Wednesday, the 24th.

LITERATURE.

Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat, 1802-8.
Published by her grandson, M. Paul de Rémusat. Translated from the French by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie.
Vol. I. (Sampson Low & Co.)

[First Notice.]

MDME. DE RÉMUSAT'S *Memoirs* have been translated into English without loss of time, and the translation is well done. The book will doubtless find many readers in every European language. Its publication has long been expected with curiosity. Everybody must respect the motives from which the publication has been delayed; and yet a certain regret must be expressed that the feelings of individuals should have demanded such tender consideration when it is remembered that, if the picture of Napoleon here faithfully drawn had been exhibited to the public forty years ago, France might have been saved the Second Empire.

When Mr. Carlyle, many years ago, proposed writing an essay on Napoleon, with a view to forming "an intelligible picture of him, both as a biographical and an historical figure, in both of which senses he is our chief contemporary wonder, and in some sort the epitome of his age," he expressed a belief that it would be long before the character of Napoleon was understood. This was in 1830, and many attempts to understand the enigma have been made since then, while these *Memoirs*, which would have thrown so much light upon it, were lying locked up in the safe keeping of Mdme. de Rémusat's son. The revelation, now that the time is judged to have come for giving them to the world, is much less of a surprise than it would have been if they had been published before M. Lanfrey's *Life of Napoleon*. It is his realistic view of Napoleon's character that they in every respect confirm, and not the more idealised character drawn by M. Thiers.

Mdme. de Rémusat confirms everything that M. Lanfrey has said about Napoleon's incessant craft, his art of dissembling in small things as well as great, his entire want of magnanimity, his subordination of everything, except his own vainglory, to what he called his policy. I do not know whether M. Lanfrey had access to Mdme. de Rémusat's *Memoirs*, but he writes as if he had. Not a trait that she has remarked has escaped him. "A woman," she says, "cannot be expected to relate the political life of Bonaparte." "Persons in the next room to him were often ignorant of events which they would indeed learn by going to Paris, but could only comprehend fully by transporting themselves out of France." Napoleon never had a confidant,

and Mdme. de Rémusat, though she lived near him for several years and was often favoured with his conversation, does not pretend to have been admitted more deeply into his confidence than other people. She undertakes to record only "what she saw, or thought she saw." Her only advantage is that she had exceptional opportunities of seeing. Her mother chanced to make the acquaintance of the Empress Josephine when she was Mdme. Beauharnais, and in 1802, when Napoleon had himself made First Consul for life and conceived the idea of surrounding himself with the ceremony of a Court and attracting to it the higher society in France, she and her husband were taken into the service of the Palace. Her husband was appointed Prefect of the Palace and Keeper of the Robes, and she received the appointment of Lady in Waiting to Mdme. Bonaparte. Their good birth, their acquaintance with the usages of society, M. de Rémusat's natural tact in ordering matters of ceremonial and etiquette, made them indispensable to the First Consul when he resolved to depart from Republican simplicity and revive the splendour of the Court of Louis XIV. They saw the gradual expansion of the ceremonial edifice, and, as the cherished companion of Josephine, Mdme. de Rémusat saw much of the inner life of the great man as he appeared in his wife's drawing-room and in intercourse with other members of his family.

M. Lanfrey has anticipated so much of Mdme. de Rémusat's reminiscences that additional regret must be felt that they are only reminiscences and not memoirs committed to paper at the moment when her impressions were still fresh. She had originally, it appears, a daily record of incidents and reflections, written down from day to day in the form of letters to an imaginary correspondent, describing her life in the Palace, but she destroyed these invaluable documents in a moment of panic, upon the Emperor's sudden return from Elba with threats of vengeance against all who had made terms with his enemies during his enforced absence. Mdme. de Rémusat's reminiscences must still be reckoned the most important materials that exist for the biography of Napoleon, but it is needless to say that they are immeasurably less valuable than her diary would have been as furnishing the means for understanding, if it is possible to understand, the secret of Napoleon's fascination. Mdme. de Rémusat is disenchanted when she wrote her reminiscences; she regarded the Emperor as "the ruthless destroyer of all worth;" she looked back upon her Palace life as a slave might look back upon the galleys when his term of service had expired. She was full of enthusiasm and homage when she began her diary, and it would have shown us, as no reminiscences can possibly do, by what steps she passed from this charmed feeling to loathing and abhorrence. Mdme. de Rémusat is transparently sincere and honest; she did her utmost to live her old life over again that she might do full justice to the man who had captured her wonder-loving imagination and lost his hold over it only by slow degrees; and she believed that she had succeeded. But her reminiscences—and she gives another

evidence of her trustworthiness in confessing the fact—are inevitably coloured by her mature judgment of the man. She would have been more than human if she had not remembered chiefly what agreed with her later conception of him, and we must believe that she has forgotten many incidents that might have softened the picture. So that the monster Bonaparte remains a monster still, exactly as M. Lanfrey, in a spirit of keen criminal investigation, has painted him.

We owe it to Mdme. de Rémusat's candour that we know who chiefly inspired her conception of Napoleon. She often talked him over with M. de Talleyrand, and it is not difficult to discover that sharp and cynical observer's conclusions piercing through the olive and myrtle in which the woman's gentler nature has wrapped them. In Mdme. de Rémusat's *Memoirs* the ex-Foreign Minister of Napoleon has his revenge for all the indignities to which the Emperor's despotic temper and ill-breeding subjected him.

Bonaparte showed different sides to different people, and there is no doubt that he showed his worst side to Talleyrand. He knew perfectly well that the ex-bishop would not give him any credit for generous motives, and would be likely to despise disinterested sentiment as a weakness; and his insatiable passion for superiority prompted him to surpass the man of the world in his own vein. "I can never see one seat higher than the others without wishing to place myself in it," he said to Cobentzel at Campo Formio; and he could not bear that Talleyrand should occupy a higher seat as a scorner than himself. When his nephew Louis, whom Mdme. de Rémusat says he really seemed to love, suddenly died, and word of his death was brought to Bonaparte, he seemed so little affected that Talleyrand remarked to him, "You forget that a death has occurred in your family, and that you ought to look serious." Bonaparte was a monster, but we need not suppose that he was so inhuman as might be inferred from his reply, "I do not amuse myself by thinking of dead people." His touching letter to his wife on this occasion is at least as likely to have been a genuine expression of his feelings. Mdme. de Rémusat also makes too much of an evidence of complete want of magnanimity of his rejection of Talleyrand's advice to withdraw his troops from Spain and leave the Spaniards to their own King Ferdinand. "Such an avowal," Talleyrand said, "made in a lofty tone, and when the enemy are still hesitating on your frontier, can only do you honour, and you are still too strong for it to be regarded as a cowardly act." Whereupon Bonaparte rejoined:—

"A cowardly act! what does that matter to me? Understand that I should not fail to commit one if it were useful to me. In reality, there is nothing really noble or base in this world. I have in my character all that can contribute to secure my power and to deceive those who think they know me. Frankly, I am base, essentially base. I give you my word that I should feel no repugnance to commit what would be called by the world a dishonourable action; my secret tendencies, which are, after all, those of nature, apart from certain affectations of greatness which I have to assume, give me infinite resources with which to baffle everyone. Therefore, all I have to do now is

to consider whether your advice agrees with my present policy; and to try and find out besides," added he, with a satanic smile, "whether you have not some private interest in urging me to take this step."

There was quite as much magnanimity in making this avowal as there would have been in acting on Talleyrand's advice; perhaps more. Another incident which M^{de}. de Rémusat relates to prove Napoleon's want of generosity admits of a similar interpretation. At a momentous crisis in his life, Talleyrand lent him some money. He afterwards repaid it, but begged the lender to tell him what motive he had for making the loan. Bonaparte had been on the point of starting for Egypt, not a little doubtful whether he would ever return to France, when he received the accommodation from a man not generally supposed to be guilty of disinterested motives, and he probably expected to be told that Talleyrand felt confident even then of his future greatness. Perhaps he wondered how other people had looked at him, and whether so shrewd a judge of men as Talleyrand had expected him to rise to still greater things. He was, in short, one may suppose, fishing for a compliment. But Talleyrand disappointed him, protesting that he had no motive whatever; that he rendered the service without any after-thought. Then Bonaparte turned round upon him and said that if he really lent the money without any design he played the part of a dupe. It was not a polite saying, and he might have shown some decent gratitude for the favour; but it probably meant nothing more than that Bonaparte was nettled, and triumphed in the opportunity of telling so astute a diplomatist that he had played the fool.

WILLIAM MINTO.

"ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS."

Chaucer. By A. W. Ward. (Macmillan.)

AN enjoyable and excellent little book is this of Prof. Ward's; far away the best connected account of Chaucer and his work to be found in English. And it is especially welcome now, when Mr. Arthur Gilman has just brought out his fresh edition of Chaucer's works in the United States. Neither book is all that one could wish, but each is one that every Chaucer-lover must be grateful for; and I think with pleasure of the numbers of English-reading men and women whom Prof. Ward's criticisms will lead to a fuller knowledge of the morning-star of English verse.

Mr. Ward does not know Chaucer's England as the French Chaucerian, Dr. Jules Jusserand, knows it. There is no touch in his work giving evidence of months of search at the Record Office and the Museum, of analysis of Rolls of Parliament, Bishops' and Archdeacons' Court-Registers, &c. Mr. Ward does not know Chaucer's English as the German Chaucerians, Ten Brink and Koch, know it, much less as the English Bradshaw and Skeat do. He cannot see what the originally Northern rymes of the *Romaunt of the Rose* mean as to Chaucer's non-authorship of the poem; and he does not know the Barbour Troy-Book parallel to the double version of the translation that Mr. Bradshaw has found. He has not cared to work at the

Troilus to find out what of it is Chaucer's own and what only englished from Boccaccio. The educated public of England, also, has been too stingy of its money to let me print in time Mr. Wm. Rossetti's ten-year-old MS. of the parallel-text of the *Troilus* and englished *Filostrato* to save Mr. Ward from mistakes.* He has not even, in one instance—Chaucer's beautiful *Truth*—taken the trouble to get the right text of a poem, though I printed it in 1867 and it has been for several years in Dr. Morris's revised Aldine edition. In another case, he quietly quotes, as Chaucer's own, Caxton's spurious ending to the *House of Fame* of which I gave public notice some two years ago.† So, too, he has not taken the trouble to refer to the French *Melibée* et *Prudence*, and assure himself that Chaucer's *Melibe* is from it. It is clear, also, that Prof. Ward has not yet a firm hold of Chaucer's poetic development, or the doubt (on p. 94) of whether the *Troilus* came before the *Fame* or not, of whether such poems as the *Fortune*, *Steadfastness*, and *Purse*, show declining powers or not (p. 103), would have been hardly possible to him. He has, too, missed the fact that the "Shipman's Tale" was originally written for a woman, and therefore does not even in subject suit its narrator. But notwithstanding such shortcomings as these—and plenty of others might be cited—Prof. Ward's little book is a genuine gain to Chaucer students, as well as the general literary public. He has a real eye for Chaucer himself and the best points of his work, and is the first critic who has done justice to the wonderful dramatic power of the poet, which has, oddly enough, been lately denied him by a critic of some reputation. So far as I know Prof. Ward's work, his chapter on "The Characteristics of Chaucer and his Poetry" is the best thing he has done, as it is the best thing I have seen on its subject. Notwithstanding his delusions that the poor abruptness of the end of the *Blanche* (about which he snubs me) is a fine instance of dramatic power, and that Chaucer's love of the daisy "is of course a mere poetical figure," I welcome his book warmly as a real help to the understanding of his master and mine, and I cordially recommend it to every English man and woman with half-a-crown to spare. Let there be no mere mean reading of the book in "library" copies.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

* Ward, p. 153, gives an instance of Chaucer's "careful study of women's ways, with which he now and then betrays that curiously intimate acquaintance to which we are accustomed in a Richardson or a Balzac. How wonderfully natural is the description of Cressid's bevy of lady visitors, attracted by the news that she is shortly to be surrendered to the Greeks, and of the 'nice vanity'—i.e., foolish emptiness—of their consolatory gossip," and so on! William M. Rossetti, *Troilus* and *Filostrato*, p. 195, on the same scene: "All this passage about the visiting ladies looks especially Chaucerian in the *Troilus*; one is surprised to find how entirely he is indebted to Boccaccio for it," as the Parallel Texts prove. Had but Prof. Ward helped the Chaucer Society as Prof. Child has done, he would have had these texts long since.

† The Parallel Texts of the *Fame* I issued last year.

Buddha Gaya, the Hermitage of Sakya Muni. By Rajendralála Mitra, LL.D., C.I.E. (Calcutta: Bengal Secretariat Press.)

THIS is one of the portly volumes of archaeological lore which are issued from time to time by the Government of India and its subordinate provinces in all the *luxé* of typography and photography, and combining a vast amount of learning and patient study with not a little of daring hypothesis and unduly arrogant assertion, which is the more to be noticed, as the author of each work tilts against the favourite hobbies of his predecessor, and is himself the subject of subsequent bitter criticism. The author is a native of Bengal, most favourably known, who wields the weapons of his science with great skill, and whose English style is as pure and irreplicable as that of any English author. It is encouraging to those interested in the education of British India to think that, among the first generation of scholars, such great ability, such acuteness of argument, and such soundness of judgment should have been developed. Nor is the volume before us the only one which has proceeded from his pen.

The subject is a description of one of the holiest places in India, and round which the most ancient legends have clustered, viz., the Hermitage of Sakya Muni, known as Buddha Gaya, a few miles distant from the celebrated city of that name in the western portion of the provinces under the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. The cloud that for so many centuries hung over the history of Sakya Muni has during the last quarter of a century been raised up by the industry of a score of illustrious scholars and archaeologists; and it may now be accepted as a fact that Sakya Muni, than whom no man has left a deeper impression upon the religious convictions of the human race, was born about the fifth century B.C. at Kapilavastu, accomplished his six years' penance, and became "enlightened," or Buddha, under the sacred Bodhidrum or Pipal tree at Buddha Gaya, and died or obtained Nirvana at Kusi. For fifteen hundred years from the date of his death the Hermitage of Buddha was as Jerusalem or Mecca to the Buddhists of India, and of the countries beyond, to which his religion had been peacefully, and by force of argument, extended. And when in course of time that religion, by a process of the details of which we have no knowledge, died out of the country of its birth, and its sacred places and images were occupied and appropriated by rival religionists, still travellers from distant regions found their way as pilgrims to the sacred spots. The accounts of the visits of the Chinese pilgrims in the fifth and seventh century A.D., when the glory of the Buddhist had begun to wane, have been preserved to us in the Chinese annals; and it was in consequence of a visit of the emissaries of the King of Burma, who were deputed to repair the breaches of the Ancient Temple of Buddha Gaya in 1876, that we are indebted to the Government of Bengal for this noble volume.

Restorers of ancient buildings have verbally a bad name both in Europe and Asia. Some of the cathedrals of England have suffered much in the same way as these

ancient ruins seem to have suffered at the hands of these well-intentioned, pious Burmese, who were totally devoid of architectural, archaeological, or historical knowledge. Powerless to save, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal deputed our author, who was previously acquainted with the place and the subject, to proceed in 1877 to the holy site, inspect the work, and the remains, which had been brought to light in the course of the repairs, and advise the Government as to the mode in which the operations of the excavators should be controlled. In his Report, the author distinctly admits that he is only a gleaner in a field of enquiry where many distinguished archaeologists had already garnered in rich harvests; he modestly limits his own labour to the task of following their footsteps, elucidating questions left doubtful by them, filling up *lacunae*, and summarising all that is worth knowing. It may be added that, though he had been preceded by the two greatest authorities in British India on subjects of archaeology and architecture respectively, General Alexander Cunningham, and Mr. James Fergusson, no such ripe scholar of Sanskrit and Buddhistic lore as the author had had the opportunity of personally inspecting the locality and interpreting the original inscriptions.

There is a romantic charm surrounding the whole volume. In the six chapters into which the author divides his work, he deals in order with the salient features of the subject, as they come before the mind. In his first chapter he tells us of the modern villages, the shapeless mounds, the Hindu places of worship, that from one point of view have smothered, from another have tenderly preserved to our days, these precious relics. Here we have the precise analogue of the mode in which the ruins of ancient Rome have been preserved to us by the mound of accumulated rubbish, the vineyard surrounding the village, and the Christian chapel, which has insinuated itself into the Pagan temple. In his second chapter, with that abundance of knowledge with which a study of the original MSS., preserved to us in Nepal, has supplied him, the author tells us the story of the great penance performed by Sakya Muni at this place. A tree must have existed in full luxuriance at that time, the ancestor by successive replantings, or dropping of seeds into the decaying limbs, of the Pipal, which still flourishes on presumably the same spot. The consistency of the legend is testified to by the Sanskrit, the Chinese, and the Pali books, the representations on railings and walls, on countless stupas and viharas in different parts of India. That the great founder of the Buddhistic faith did pass some portion of his mortal career at this spot may be accepted with as much reasonable belief as any other well-accepted historical fact. Credulous religionists, lying chroniclers, poetic dreamers, have flung round the spot a garland of fiction of the grossest and most material character; and a safe medium must be sought for betwixt the weakness of the simple-minded believer and the wholesale destructiveness of the scoffer. The third chapter is devoted to a description of the architectural remains which have survived the lapse of years, the assaults of Hindus and Mahomedans, the craving for building materials on the part

of the villagers, and, lastly, the repairs of the Burmese. The chief feature is the Great Temple, of which photographs are supplied, as well as a most careful description, and the platform in which the sacred tree is imbedded. The tree is spoken of much as a Pope, or Great Lama, being chosen to succeed to the office in almost the same fortuitous way, and liable to the same mortal change. The present occupant of the Boddhimanda was installed there in 1863.

In the fourth chapter the author treats at very great length, and with great learning—perhaps rather ostentatiously displayed by the use of words not in ordinary parlance—on the sculptures which exist in the form of statues, reliefs, architectural ornaments, and footprints on stones. The notion of expressing historical events and religious ideas by stone carvings and symbols had attained a very high development in this, as in other Buddhistic remains. The story, as related in the sacred books, preserved for many centuries beyond the limits of India, is confirmed by the sculptured effigies which have remained for centuries buried under the mound of rubbish; and on some occasions the obscurity of the meaning of the written narrative is cleared up by the unmistakeable evidence of the stone, assisted by an inscription. Though not so much talked about as their more favoured rivals of Egypt and Mesopotamia, the discovery and interpretation of the written and lithic monuments of the forgotten period of Buddhist history must be considered as one of the greatest triumphs of this century of great achievements.

In the fifth chapter the author deals with a subject more peculiarly his own—that of inscriptions. The number discovered is exceedingly small. It must be remembered that this sacred spot was visited by the Chinese pilgrim, Fa Hien, in the fifth century, and by Thsang in the seventh. Of the numerous inscriptions noticed by the latter none have survived entire, and of those fragments that have escaped none are *dedicatory*, and the same regrettable deficiency is noticeable at the other celebrated Buddhist ruins in India. There must have been a systematic destruction of such records at the time when the buildings were converted to the use of the rival and dominant Hindu priesthood. Still there are well-preserved lapidary monuments, to the earliest of which an age is assigned of not less, certainly, than two centuries before the Christian era. These are in the famous Asoka or Lát characters, and the date is ascertained on well-understood palaeographical grounds. To these succeed inscriptions in the Gupta and Kutila script, followed by others in the older and modern forms of the Burmese character. In this branch of the subject our author is one of the best authorities.

The last chapter is devoted to chronology, and contains the author's hypothesis as to the date of the buildings. Here we leave the hard ground of facts and enter into a sea of doubt and controversy. By a chain of argument, based upon the facts described in his previous chapters, he places the date of the present building at the beginning of the first century before the Christian era. Mr. James Fergusson places that date in the fourteenth century after the Christian era. No less than fifteen centuries, therefore, represent the dif-

ference in the conclusions of these two esteemed authorities.

The volume before us is fascinating, suggestive, and instructive, and is not likely to be superseded by any memorial work on the same subject-matter; but many of the conclusions of the author's will not be accepted until a greater consensus of authorities has confirmed his individual and, up to the present moment, unsupported opinions. It may be questioned whether a work published at the cost of the State, under the orders of the local Government, and distributed gratuitously to all the scholars and libraries of Europe, should be permitted to be the vehicle of so much controversial matter, and such attacks, direct or implied, on highly esteemed authors who have previously worked in the same field, and are still among us. Our author has shown a wonderful power of adapting himself to the style of argument of the period, and is an antagonist with whom any scholar might be proud to break a lance; but he has not learnt one lesson from the study of the works of his contemporaries and predecessors, that the greater and more profound the knowledge of the scholar, the greater also will be the mistrust of his own judgment, and the deference that he pays to the expressed and deliberate opinions of his esteemed fellow-labourers. To carry conviction to the reader it is not sufficient to enunciate that such a one is entirely wrong, and that the writer has made the true discovery. Such recondite questions as the knowledge of the Hindus of the Arch, the copying of stone forms from wooden models, the non-existence of sculpture and stone buildings in India before the time of Alexander the Great, the date of the great Temple of Buddha Gaya, the peculiarities of architecture, the authenticity of particular inscriptions, are matters on which the learned world is not able as yet to arrive at any absolute conclusion, and, suspending our judgment, we weigh the value of the arguments of rival authorities. The soil of India has not yet completed its new duty of giving up the buried treasures of the past. Some new excavations may suddenly stultify the fine-spun theories of the archaeologist. Our author, at p. 167, writes:—"The city of Palibothra was found by Megasthenes surrounded with a ditch. The walls were adorned with 570 towers and 64 gates." This quotation is brought forward to show that stone architecture *did* exist before the time of Asoka; and yet, on turning to p. 66 of McCrindle's *Megasthenes and Arrian*, the following passage from Strabo strikes the eye:—"According to Megasthenes, Palibothra is girded with a wooden wall, pierced with loopholes for the discharge of arrows." It is not pretended that either quotation is decisive of the point at issue, but it indicates that a reference to the Greek originals is necessary before a *cardinal fact* of so great an authority as Mr. James Fergusson on Indian architecture can be so lightly swept away.

ROBERT CUST.

Money in its Relations to Trade and Industry. By Francis A. Walker, Professor of Political Economy in Yale College, United States. (Macmillan.)

SOME of the questions discussed in Mr. Walker's treatise have much less practical

importance for English than for American readers. Since the resumption of cash payments after the war with France, there has been no controversy here like that between the advocates of hard and soft money in the United States, where it formed the main issue at the last elections; "the orators and the newspapers of the hard-money party taking the ground that the inconvertible legal tender notes issued by the Government were not money." Some of the aspects in which Mr. Walker examines the effects of a depreciated currency are, nevertheless, of great and general interest. He inclines to the view that a natural fall in the value of money brought about by an increased abundance of the precious metals is a help to industrial progress; and his reasoning on the point contains a description of the economic development of American society which will be new to many persons in England, who had been accustomed to think of America as a country where every man is engaged in business, and where there is no unemployed class of owners of inherited wealth, at least of the male sex. A change in this respect has, however, begun to show itself, which Mr. Walker ascribes chiefly to the natural course of industrial and commercial evolution. The immense scale on which modern business is carried on; the continual changes in the processes of production, in the channels of trade, and in the demand of consumers; the violent fluctuations of credit and prices; the oscillation from sanguine speculation to despondency and panic; the recurrence of disastrous crises—combine to make the conduct of industrial and commercial enterprises too arduous an occupation for men of average energy and powers. The ownership of capital accordingly no longer constitutes a sufficient qualification for the management of business, and it tends to fall under the control of a special class.

"The employing class becomes a comparatively small and highly select body of men, who control the destinies of capital quite as arbitrarily as they do the destinies of labour. That class becomes select, not by the choice of any constituency, whether of labourers or of capitalists; not by any rigid requirements upon entrance—all are in theory free to enter—but the number of those who venture is restricted by the known severity of the conditions of business, while those who undertake the risks and responsibilities of production are continually shifted by pressures and panics. From these conditions it results that but a small proportion of the capitalist class are personally engaged in business."

Thus what in America is a new class, though in Europe it is an old one, is evolved; and Mr. Walker includes among owners of capital which they do not employ "those who, from dignity and love of leisure, as is especially apt to be the case with men who have inherited wealth, are indisposed to increase their store by active exertion." The change is doubtless due in part to the influence of European notions and habits. The Old World is not merely a passive recipient of ideas from the New; it gives as well as takes; the main cause, however, is the one to which Mr. Walker refers. The latest phase of industrial development is thus reproducing in America one of the leading features of a phase of society which in Europe itself is passing away.

The chief point of view from which Mr. Walker examines this new feature of modern economy is that production tends more and more to be carried on by means of borrowed capital—the owners of capital becoming a creditor, the active conductors of business a debtor, class. A fall in the purchasing power of money accordingly lightens the burden of debt on the latter, and in his opinion is favourable to industrial and commercial progress. As his own pages show, this doctrine is not without its danger in a country that for several years has had an inconvertible currency which the State could enlarge at discretion; but Mr. Walker seems to have in view, in speaking of the beneficial effects of a depreciation of money, one—like that following the influx of the precious metals into Europe from the mines of the New World in the second half of the sixteenth century—produced by natural causes.

It should be observed that it is far from being true that money sank in Europe to about a fifth of its former value in the period from 1545 to 1640, for prices were very unequally and irregularly affected in different countries and different localities, and in some remote and backward districts were not affected at all. Both on this point and in relation to the revolution in English husbandry which attended the change from mediaeval to modern economy, Mr. Walker has been somewhat misled by preceding writers, from Adam Smith to Mr. Jacob and Mr. Cairnes. In illustration of the proposition that prices tend not only to rise faster than wages, but to rise irregularly under an increasing money supply, he observes:—

"A fact of this nature added immensely to the evils of England in the later part of the sixteenth and the earlier part of the seventeenth century. Woollen goods received an undue share of the new demand both in England and on the continent of Europe. Hence arose a demand for the wool of England, which caused an extensive change of agriculture within the island. Everywhere, in spite of complaints and prohibitory laws, arable land was converted into sheep-walks, greatly reducing the employment afforded by the cultivation of the soil. . . . Such was the condition of things in which originated the pauper system of England. Mr. Jacob and Prof. Cairnes are agreed in attributing the Poor Law of Elizabeth to the changes of productive enterprise which followed the flood of new metal from the Spanish-American mines."

Dr. von Ochenkowski's recent treatise on the economic development of England at the close of the middle ages (*England's wirtschaftliche Entwicklung im Ausgange des Mittelalters*) shows that the cry against enclosures, with the consequent conversion of arable land into pasture and destruction of villages and hamlets, was already loud in 1449, or more than a century before any silver from the mines of Potosi could have actually reached England. The mediaeval system of joint husbandry would have broken down, the process of enclosing common land would have been rapaciously and inequitably effected, and the Poor Law of Elizabeth would doubtless have been enacted though America had never been discovered.

Mr. Walker's definition of money as "that which passes freely from hand to hand through-

out the community in final discharge of debts and full payment for commodities" seems sufficiently strict and exact; but it does not follow, as he infers, that a bank-note, as such, is necessarily money. There are bank-notes and bank-notes. Were the issue of bank-notes open to all comers and unrestricted, the notes of some banks might have only a local circulation; those of many more might by no means pass freely from hand to hand, or be accepted in final discharge of debts or full payment for commodities during a crisis or a panic. On the whole, however, Mr. Walker's exposition will give satisfaction to those who, like ourselves, are for confining the term "Money" to that part of the circulation which, according to Mr. Huskisson's definition, is "not only the common measure and common representative of all other commodities, but also the common and universal equivalent." Cheques, bills of exchange, and bank-notes with only a local circulation or not being legal tender act as instruments of exchange, but are not the "common" or universal medium. A special term for the part of the circulation which fulfils this function is much needed, and the best term for the purpose is "Money."

Mr. Walker's treatise is an excellent companion to that of Mr. Jevons and Mr. Bagehot's *Lombard Street*. The student who has thoroughly mastered all three will seldom be puzzled by any question on currency.

T. E. C. LESLIE.

John Keats: a Study. By F. M. Owen. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.)

MRS. OWEN presents herself as an enthusiastic and instructed guide for persons of poetic temperament about to enter upon the study of Keats. She is very particular to explain that she offers nothing that will be new or striking to professed lovers of the poet; and, indeed, it must be ceded that she adds no very extraordinary data to the gathering mass of criticism that is surrounding the name of the author of *Hyperion*. Perhaps even in an essay so purposely simple and elementary some side-lights from other fields of literature might have been admitted. For instance, it must have been difficult to Mrs. Owen to discuss minutely the early *Epistles*, and say nothing about Reynolds and Leigh Hunt, and to deny herself all mention of John Fletcher in criticising the versification of *Endymion*; but doubtless she regarded such speculation as likely to bring her neophyte reader too far upon unfamiliar paths of thought. As it is, she has preferred to go through the various works in order, analysing the story and giving long quotations, so as to tempt the novice, by these charming fragments, to essay an independent journey for himself through the melodious Latman mazes.

The mode in which she has performed the task so set before her would call for unqualified praise if she had not somewhat rashly attempted to find a spiritual and allegorical meaning underlying the physical and plastic art of Keats. This tendency is the most dangerous of all the pitfalls that lie in wait for the critic of poetry, and it is precisely this that led Théophile Gautier to say in his haste that the critic was the converse of the poet, and by nature his implacable enemy. That this

was an exaggeration the delightful author of *Les Grotesques* lived to prove in his own person; but we never can cease to wonder, with him, that the critic must always refuse to take a walk in the garden of poetry without dictating a serious lesson to those nine *odalisques* that inhabit it. For instance, Mrs. Owen is not content to enjoy the tangled foliage, the coloured light, the savage sweets and odours of *Endymion* without coming to the conclusion that these are not sufficient reasons for the existence of the poem, and that Keats was expressing "a vast idea" in it, Imagination searching for the Eternal Unity of Beauty, and other things merely to have thought of which would have cost Keats a headache. She is, indeed, so far conscious that her speculation has led her away from the truth that she admits that the poet very probably was not conscious of any such teaching. Yet she persists in her interpretation, and when we reach *Hyperion* she presents to us a similar thesis of an equally disenchanting kind.

In criticising a book of criticism it is hard to abstain from the appearance of fault-finding. Mrs. Owen must not consider that I impugn the general merit of her volume if I strongly appeal from her judgment upon one point. She says that "the tragedy of *Otho* is so obviously not the spontaneous work of Keats that we can gather nothing of his individuality from it." I should, on the contrary be inclined to assert that scarcely one page of *Otho the Great*—undramatic and faulty as it is as a composition—is not thoroughly tinctured with the genius of Keats and contains lines or phrases that only he could have conceived. The amorous raptures of Ludolph, in particular, are closely allied to the *Odes* in style and cadence. Here is one of them, which recalls in every clause the more familiar lyric movements of the poet:—

"O unbenignest Love, why wilt thou let
Darkness steal out upon the sleepy world
So wearily, as if Night's chariot-wheels
Were clogged in some thick cloud? O changeful
Love,
Let not her steeds with drowsy-footed pace
Pass the high stars, before sweet embassy
Comes from the pillow'd beauty of that fair
Completion of all-delicate Nature's wit!
Pout her faint lips anew with rubious health;
And, with thine infant fingers, lift the fringe
Of her sick eye-lids; that those eyes may glow
With wooing light upon me, ere the morn
Peers with disrelish, grey, barren and cold."

Mrs. Owen's pretty little volume will do good work if it attracts to the study of Keats those whom more elaborate analysis would leave still outside the circle of his magic charm; readers who have advanced farther will continue to look forward with unusual hope and expectation to Mr. Matthew Arnold's promised essay on the same poet.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains. By Isabella L. Bird. (Murray.)

THE reader who has made Miss Bird's acquaintance in Hawaii will be glad to renew it in Colorado. Our countrywoman has all the accomplishments which a tourist who essays print ought to possess. She has seen enough of the world not to imagine that

what is not English in America is peculiar to it; while her familiarity with the United States at large saves her from the equally common blunder of classing as characteristic of the Rocky Mountain region what is a general feature of the Great Republic. Her descriptions, in the informal shape of letters to friends at home, though, doubtless, like Pope's, dressed up a little for public perusal, are models of unaffected, clear, forcible writing, which convey to the reader about as nearly as any pen-pictures can the author's impressions of the places and people she has seen. It is a common complaint that when a strange country is visited it is often found to be widely different from the preconceived ideas of it derived from books. Hence a very uncomplimentary, or even uncharitable, conclusion is drawn. In reality, the writers have told no traveller's tales, but endeavoured, to the best of their ability, to describe what they saw. But they failed. On the other hand, conscious of his inability to convey to the reader's mind what he himself experienced, an unskilful writer, by daubing on the colours with too large a brush, lays himself open to the charge of exaggeration. In either case the result is the same.

Miss Bird is too skilful a limner to paint after any such 'prentice fashion. Her sketches of mountain scenery in summer bring with them the scent of pine forests and brawling "creeks," while the snowy valleys of Colorado are in her pages equally true to nature. The rough and the smooth—and especially the rough—appear in all their reality. Her American ladies do not "sit, and sit," at Denver Balls, "like blue grouse on pine logs until they have tuk root," nor are her Americans stage Yankees, who, habitually chew tobacco and whittle the furniture with their bowie knives. Her outlying settlers are sketched in all their natural unkemptness, without the faintest dash of the picturesque; while her thorough-paced ruffians have rarely blonde hair, blue eyes, and the manners of Lothair. Most extraordinary of all, in this perfectly unconventional book on the Rocky Mountain country, though the authoress travelled farther a-field and saw infinitely more than half of her male predecessors combined, she does not once mention, from the first page to the last, either "scalping," "the war path," or "the Great Spirit:" all of which is as novel as it is pleasant, and proves Miss Bird to be a lady emphatically "without any nonsense in her." She does what seemeth good in her own eyes, and after she has done it, and told us all about doing it, we are not shocked, but surprised that we should have read twice over in the table of contents the announcement of the fact. A highly cultivated gentlewoman, she rides in a dress of her own invention, after the fashion of Fatima, the Kurdish Princess, to the admiration of the Western plainsmen. Unescorted even by one of her own sex, she goes everywhere, and, being endued with abundant courage—moral and otherwise—sees and experiences much, at a cost to her purse which the ordinary tourist, with his wagons, "bronzos," "guides," and so forth, never demeans his imagination to. Her movements were heralded in the "per-

sonals" of the local papers, and wherever she went she was sure to find the account of the "English lady" in the *Denver News* sufficient introduction to the most remote pioneers, who, it may be remarked, are, contrary to the common belief, as reservedly suspicious of a "foreigner" as the most uncouth pitman who ever "heaved" the inhospitable "half brick" at the stranger's head. Storm-stayed in the mountain, she shared a log cabin with two young men for a month, and they parted on terms of mutual respect. "They could have gone on in this way for a year." One of her friends was the notorious "Rocky Mountain Jim," an Irish-American desperado of the deepest dye, but "a perfect gentleman when sober," which—unhappily—was but seldom. On another occasion she was riding over a solitary mountain path when a horseman joined her, got her a fresh animal, and accompanied her for ten miles. He was a pleasant-faced youth—fair haired, blue eyed, and ruddy complexioned, with curls hanging nearly to his waist. "There was nothing sombre in his expression, and his manner was respectful and frank"—albeit, this picturesque individual was a riding armoury of lethal weapons, pistols, revolvers, bowie knives, and carbines, while his saddle, dress, and accoutrements were in keeping. Miss Bird found him "what is termed good company," and they parted with regret. She was afterwards not a little astonished to find that her pleasant *compagnon de voyage* was "Comanche Bill—a real gentleman"—when not engaged in slaughtering Indians, to the pursuit and extermination of whom this be-curbed and be-revolvered Bayard devoted his well-spent life. Yet from men of this stamp there is little danger to any woman, for in Western America there is, except among the rudest of "the half-horse, half-alligator" type of settlers, an almost exaggerated courtesy paid to what is not, in Colorado at least, always the "weaker sex."

The only people from whom she had some difficulty in extracting civility were the remote settlers of the class described on pp. 44, 52, 53, 57, 58, and 59, who, though a most unpleasing group, are—we speak from long experience of the same class of people—sketched with painful fidelity. Miss Bird has, indeed, no Utopian pictures of frontier life for us. Childhood is extinct in the western territories:—

"I have never seen any children, only debased imitations of men and women, cankered by greed and selfishness, and asserting and gaining complete independence of their parents at ten years old. The atmosphere in which they are brought up is one of greed, godlessness, and frequently of profanity. Consequently, these sweet things seem like flowers in a desert" (p. 77).

She has an equally low opinion—unfortunately a not unjust one—of public morality in these regions, a conclusion which, in Miss Bird's case, is that of a keen observer, not prejudiced against the Americans, but, on the contrary, very well disposed towards them and their country. The kind of settlers who come now and then from England is exemplified in the case of a "Dr. H.," whose experiences she relates:—

"Except for love, which here, as everywhere,

raises life into the ideal, this is a wretched existence. The poor crops have been destroyed by grasshoppers over and over again, and that talent, deified here under the name of 'smartness,' has taken advantage of Dr. H. in all his bargains, leaving him with little except food for his children."

And no wonder! "Both"—the doctor's wife and himself—"are fitted to shine in any society, but neither had the slightest knowledge of domestic and farming details. Dr. H. did not know how to saddle or harness a horse; Mrs. H. did not know whether you should put an egg into cold or hot water when you meant to boil it." Yet this cockney pair, hearing in an evil hour of Colorado, with its "unrivalled climate, boundless resources," &c., &c., and "fascinated, not only by these material advantages, but by the notion of being able to found or reform society on advanced social theories of their own," arrived at Longmount and bought up a "claim rather for the beauty of the scenery than for any substantial advantages"—in a brief time to be swindled in land, goods, oxen, everything; and, to the discredit of those children of nature, the neighbouring settlers, seemed to be regarded as fair game. The arrival of a "managing woman" like Miss Bird brought something like order out of the chaos into which such a family was sure to have got.

"I had a large 'wash' of my own, but a clothes-wringer which screws on to the side of the tub is a great assistance. . . . After baking the bread, and thoroughly cleaning the churn and pails, I began upon the tins and pans, the cleaning of which had fallen into arrears, and was hard at work, very greasy and grimy, when a man came in to know where to ford the river with his ox-team, and, as I was showing him, he looked pityingly at me, saying, 'Be you the new hired girl? Bless me, you're awful small!' Yesterday we saved three cwt of tomatoes for winter use, and about two tons of squash and pumpkin for the cattle, two of the former weighing 140 lbs. I pulled nearly a quarter of an acre of maize, but it was a scanty crop, and the husks were poorly filled. I much prefer field work to the scouring of greasy pans and to the wash-tub, and both to either sewing or writing. This is not Arcadia"—

not unless there were in Arcadia much toiling and moiling, many wash-tubs and greasy pots, as most probably there were.

Descriptions of these "new countries" require to be often revised, for, though the scenery, except when the miner and the agriculturist have been scarring its fair face, remains much the same, the men and their surroundings change. Indeed, Miss Bird's own book is a little out of date. For instance, there is now a road, and a stage-coach to Estes Park, and an hotel has taken the place of Griff Evans' Ranch as the place where visitors are "taken in." In fact, though there is no direct clue as to the date of her visit, it may in general terms be said, as in the plays, that "two years are supposed to intervene" between that event and the publication of the book. Denver is no longer the Denver of Hepworth Dixon. A shooting affray in the street is as rare there as in San Francisco, and the visitor no longer sees men dangling to the lamp posts when he looks out in the morning. But it is a wild town nevertheless. Hither come miners, teamsters, loggers, herdsmen, and trappers to

waste in mad revelry the earnings of months. "Comanche Bill," "Buffalo Jack," and "Mountain Jim" find here the notoriety which they seek, even though it compels them "to kill a man every time" they come to Denver. Women are scarce in the winter,

"I only saw five the whole day. There were men in every rig: hunters and trappers in buckskin clothing; men of the plains with belts and revolvers, in great blue cloaks, relics of the war; teamsters in leathern suits; horsemen in fur coats and caps, and buffalo hide boots with the hair outside, and camping blankets behind their huge Mexican saddles; Broadway dandies in light kid gloves; rich English sporting tourists, clean, comely, and supercilious looking; and hundreds of Indians on their small ponies, the men wearing buckskin suits sewn with beads and red blankets, with faces painted vermilion, and hair hanging lank and straight, and squaws, much bundled up, riding astride with furs over their saddles."

In these pleasant pages we have lively, easy, unlaboured accounts of the glories of Colorado scenery, the lovely "parks" in their summer gaiety and winter grandeur, the half-mad desperado, the silly exclusive English tourist who, for his country's credit, ought to be kept at home; just as Miss Bird, for exactly the same reason, ought to be sent abroad; the "temperance settlement" of Greeley (where, however, water is scarce), and the "rowdy" towns of the frontier. Here, for instance, is a picture in a few words of Truckee, a Californian town where "people do as they like." It

"was at the height of its evening revelries—fires blazing out of doors, bar-rooms and saloons crammed, lights glaring, gaming tables thronged, fiddle and banjo in frightful discord, and the air ringing with ribaldry and profanity" (p. 24).

Cheyenne is described as "a God-forsaken place"—a pandemonium of "rowdies" whom the decent towns of older America had spewed out, the scum which advancing civilisation had pushed before it; and pistol affrays were of almost hourly occurrence. But, under the moralising influences of Judge Lynch and a coil of rope, it is "now as safe as Hilo." But still piety is not its forte. The roads resound with atrocious profanity, and the savagery of the saloons and bar-rooms is repressed, not extirpated.

But were we to select all the choice passages in Miss Bird's book, the injustice would be done her of reprinting the most of it. Altogether, she gives a favourable picture of Colorado, but it is mainly because of its fine scenery and as an asylum for consumptives. In her volume the scientific enthusiast need expect no new lights on Colorado geology or natural history, though the account of Long's Peak may excite a languid interest in the minds of the superior persons who despise Mont Blanc and live only to climb something loftier. But for common-sense people who seek a faithful reflection of Colorado and its inhabitants, there is no book with which we are acquainted half so good. To a writer who has read and reviewed, according to his lights, a shelf-full of volumes on the "Far West" it comes as a gleam of better things. It recalls a fast fleeting faith in the final purpose of Pullman Cars and the Pacific Railroad. It almost conjures back a

vanishing trust that Providence has not permitted even tourists and their publishers to exist in vain.

ROBERT BROWN.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Old Régime. By Lady Jackson. (Bentley and Son.) Lady Jackson's previous work will have prepared readers for her present one. If anybody cares to read a collection of anecdotes and personal traits strung together in a kind of historical order, *The Old Régime* will suit him very well. Dealing with its subject it could hardly fail to be amusing after a fashion. But we must frankly confess that whatever praise we can find for the book must be for the subject and not for the treatment. Lady Jackson is not a good writer, and, even if she were, she would make her writing nearly intolerable by adopting the extraordinary hybrid jargon which distinguishes this book. "It was the *salon* of M^{me}. de Lambert, *une grande dame* of the *vieille cour*," would be capital on the stage and intended as a burlesque; but in a book, and recurring constantly, is neither more nor less than unbearable. Suppose we were to review Lady Jackson by saying that her book is a *comméragé* not of the most *atrayants* and hopelessly *badigeonné* with *bribes* of French? It is unlucky, too, that the author has apparently no qualification for the discussion of her subject except a fancy for some of its lighter features. Her historical and political remarks are almost always hackneyed, and occasionally, as in her sketch of Law, by no means in accordance with the best and most recent authorities. Of really luminous illustrations of the social aspects of the time we can find none. But worst of all, perhaps, are her literary criticisms. Whether Lady Jackson has evolved these out of her own brain and readings, or has got them from respectable critics of the Villemain type, we cannot pretend to say. But when we find an author accusing M^{me}. de la Fayette, who was more the foundress of the modern novel than any other single person, of being good for nothing but sickly sentimentality, it is excusable to shake the head. Even head-shaking becomes superfluous when we come to the remarkable judgments which follow at intervals. Marivaux, we are told, is "bombastic;" and, while we are wondering whether it would be possible to discover a more hopelessly inappropriate epithet, we come upon the statement that Piron wrote "platitudes." Diderot's writings are, it seems, "as repelling as he himself was coarse and repulsive;" Prévost's works—shade of Manon forgive an erring sister!—are "nightmare romances;" *La Nouvelle Héloïse* is "repellingly dreary." Indeed, "repelling" is a favourite word of Lady Jackson's. We shall hope, for her sake, that the books she criticises have repelled her so much that she has not read them. Perhaps no century requires for comprehension of its political and social side so thorough a knowledge of its literature as the eighteenth century in France. It is not surprising, therefore, that these volumes should be nearly valueless regarded as anything else than a collection of ill-told stories and ill-written description.

Travel and Trout in the Antipodes. By W. Senior. (Chatto and Windus.) The chief interest of this book consists in its bright sketches of New Zealand and Tasmanian scenery. Mr. Senior (better known to angling fame as "Red Spinner") took a holiday trip from Queensland mainly to catch trout, and naturally avoided politics, commerce, and statistics. He who desires to know the present aspect of these countries and can content himself with the flying impressions which the author gained of Launceston and Hobart Town,

and the extremely English character of the country districts of Tasmania, will here find them very pleasantly recorded. Crossing to the Bay of Islands he passes through the two larger islands of New Zealand, briefly describing their chief towns. The account of Auckland, with our own blackbirds, larks, and finches singing among English shrubs, also imported, and Mount Eden rising over the Isthmus City, should go far towards stopping *Heimweh* among its colonists; while the young Maori belle, dressed in a fashionably cut sky-blue silk dress, with duchess hat and feather, and parasol to match, whom Mr. Senior saw reclining in a well-horsed buggy, but smoking a short black pipe, may perhaps dispose a stay-at-home Englishman to look with more equanimity upon the "faster" specimens of his own womankind. Perhaps the less said about the trout-fishing which Mr. Senior obtained the better. He vouches for a trout of fifteen pounds, and several of four, five, eight, and nine pounds being killed in Tasmania, while in the New Zealand Avon they seem to run even larger; but he caught no monster himself, and, after the manner of his fraternity, was supremely contented with two brace of fish, or two-and-a-half per day. Many days he was not so successful as this, and ruefully proclaims that, with all its drawbacks, no country is so charming as England to the fly-fisher; but he apparently forgets the trout-fishing of the Adirondacks and the Rangeley Lakes in Maine. It is as yet premature to take a fishing tour to the Antipodes. Much honour, however, is due to the acclimatisers of trout and salmon for the results they have already achieved in the islands of the Pacific. Thanks to Mr. Youl's perseverance, trout and salmon were successfully introduced into Tasmania in 1864, colonial fly-fishers having previously been obliged to solace themselves with a kind of small and migratory grayling (*thymallus Australis*). In rivers of such piscatorial names as Clyde and Shannon, it seems almost a necessity that, as has really happened, trout should thrive apace. As they grow large, however, they develop the bad habit of refusing to rise, to which the abundance of grasshoppers and other insects greatly contributes. Tasmanian salmon have been shrewdly suspected to be only salmon trout; but, as we write, Mr. Youl vouches that a real *salmo salar* of the magnificent weight of three and a-quarter pounds has been caught in October, 1879, in the Derwent. Trout from the well-known breeds of Wycombe and Alton were first hatched in the south island of New Zealand three years later. They appear to grow and propagate even more marvellously than those in Tasmania. Some eight years ago, twenty-five trout were put into the little River Cust, near Dunedin, and in four years the water was fit for fishing. Excellent trout may also be taken in the Avon. Few rivers are at present, as is only wise, open for fishing. "In the course of a year or two, however," says "Red Spinner," "New Zealand should be a magnificent island for the trout fisher." It is a pity that a volume of considerable interest should be marred by several pages of fine writing. A bush fire has thus proved a great snare to Mr. Senior, while he altogether loses control over his pen among the wonders of the volcanic district of Lake Tarawera. Still, this book is a distinct advance on Mr. Senior's last. His lavish use of Scripture texts on any ordinary subject is another blemish, and there is no possible need for him to call a blacksmith's apprentice "a horny-handed young Vulcan."

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage for 1880. (Dean and Son.) Debrett has always been distinguished for accuracy and fullness of information, and in the present issue these features are especially conspicuous. Confining itself wholly to the living and avoiding

the intricacies of genealogical descents, it is able to give minuter details respecting the titled classes than are to be found in any other kindred book. Dr. Mair in his Preface has some sensible remarks on the question of precedence, and, in spite of the dictum of the *Heralds' College*, is disposed to place the sheriff, when discharging his office, before the lord lieutenant. It is rather remarkable that in the past year the ranks of the peerage and of the baronetage received no additions, and the number of deaths in these two orders was below the average. These circumstances may have lightened the labours of the editor, but it is obvious that he has spared no pains to maintain *Debrett* at its previously high standard, and to increase its advantages as a book of reference.

Memoir of Henry Armit Brown. Edited by J. M. Hoppin. (Lippincott and Co.) This beautifully printed volume is not likely to be extensively sought by the English public, to whom the name of its subject was generally unknown, but it will be cordially welcomed by the select few whose acquaintance he made during his occasional visits, who remember him as one of the most promising young Americans whom it was ever their fortune to meet. Such was the verdict passed upon him here, while at home he was beloved by a more extensive circle of personal friends, and his untimely death lamented by the general public, from whom his brilliant talents and irreproachable character had won an uncommon measure of admiration. There are not usually, in the history of a young man who dies at the age of thirty-three, many events by which his memory may be kept green beyond the limits of his own family, and Armit Brown's future fame will rest mainly upon the extraordinary efforts of his genius in the shape of four popular orations which have been wisely reproduced in this volume. As specimens of American oratory they have probably not been equalled, certainly not rivalled, since the days of Daniel Webster; and it is the indications which they afford of what he might have become, as a barrister and a statesman, that will impress the reader with the loss his country has sustained. The biography is evidently the work of someone who loved and was closely related to him, and hardly needed the editorial supervision of Prof. Hoppin to secure its cordial reception, but we should be sorry to have missed the prefatory note by the latter, which is in itself a profound and perfect epitaph. The portrait prefixed to the volume is one of the most life-like and artistically executed imaginable, and to those who, like the writer of this paragraph, knew and esteemed its living subject it will be a priceless treasure.

My Son, give me thine Heart. Sermons preached before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, 1876-78, by C. J. Vaughan, D.D. (Macmillan.) *Disciples in Doubt.* Five sermons preached before the University of Cambridge by J. B. Pearson, LL.D. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell and Co.) *Movements in Religious Thought: I. Romanism, II. Protestantism, III. Agnosticism.* Three sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in the Lent term, 1879, by E. H. Plumptre, D.D. (Macmillan.) We have before us three volumes of university sermons. The Master of the Temple is a preacher of inexhaustible fertility. Few indeed of his discourses are likely to be a permanent addition to our homiletic literature; very few of them touch the religious problems and perplexities of our day or are marked by much depth of thought, but they are always earnest, devout, and practical, and, if rarely eloquent, are never dull. The sermons before us present to us the preacher speaking with the younger part of his audience mainly in view, and reminds us of one of the earliest and best of his many volumes — *Memorials of*

Harrow. Of a different order are the volumes of Dr. Pearson and Prof. Plumptre. In Dr. Pearson's earlier sermons we have discussions of subjects suggested by J. S. Mill's *Three Essays on Religion*. The sermons are of the apologetic cast so commonly characteristic of the university pulpit. Dr. Pearson gladly avails himself of Mill's fierce attack on "Sentimental Theism," and adds, in an effective passage,

"The phrases of admiration that have been heaped upon Nature seem to me to express a kind of sentiment that may almost serve instead of a religion so long as a man has good health, an ample income, a pleasant home in a pretty country, and feels no anxiety about the woes and sorrows of his brethren that is not sufficiently met by an annual subscription to the county hospital."

Prof. Plumptre's three sermons possess merits of a much higher order than is common. Every page bears marks of a sound judgment, a hopeful and courageous heart, and a wide and varied culture. Throughout we find a generous appreciation of the merits of systems and men from whom he differs that is far from being the ordinary characteristic of the so-called "Broad" school in the Church of England. We do not know anywhere a juster estimate of the more important of the contemporary "movements in religious thought" in England.

Joan of Arc, by Janet Tucker, forms the latest volume of the "New Plutarih" which is being published by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. Miss Tuckey has done her work well; she has mastered the latest authorities, and has written her book with fervour and full sympathy with her subject. We might have wished for a little more reserve in style; and we fear that Miss Tuckey was not educated on the severe principle by which most writers would confess that they had greatly benefited—"After you have written anything, read it over calmly, and strike out all the epithets." This does not, however, affect the general character of the book, which is sound, scholarly, and free from exaggeration, though aiming too much at becoming pictorial.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A WORK of great interest, viz., Mr. Jefferson Davis's *Memoirs of the Civil War*, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Appleton and Co., of New York. Mr. Davis is now busily engaged in completing this historical narrative, which will appear in two large volumes, illustrated with views and portraits.

In Messrs. Hatchards' forthcoming list will be found the announcement of a short volume on the history of the parish of St. George-in-the-East, entitled *An East End Chronicle*, by the Rev. R. H. Hadden, B.A., late of Merton College, Oxford, curate of the parish, with an Introduction by the rector, the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A.

M. ERNEST RENAN will lecture on "Marcus Aurelius" at the Royal Institution on Friday evening, April 16.

WE understand that Mr. Edgar Vincent, of the Coldstream Guards, whose *Handbook to Modern Greek* we reviewed favourably some weeks ago, has now in preparation an edition of the Acts of the Apostles in the Ancient and Modern Greek versions, printed parallel, and with notes pointing out the differences in language. The Greek of the New Testament is specially appropriate for such treatment, as holding an intermediate place between the strictly classical and the modern language. The book will, therefore, be very instructive to those who wish to make acquaintance with Modern Greek, and its subject being so universally familiar is likely to widen considerably

the interest taken in the language among Englishmen.

THE volume of essays by the late Mr. Bayard Taylor, which will be issued almost immediately, contains critical papers on Tennyson, George Eliot, and Thackeray.

MR. H. BADEN PRITCHARD'S new novel, *George Vanbrugh's Mistake*, will be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

MR. HARDY, author of *The Return of the Native*, will contribute a story entitled "Fellow Townsmen" to the April number of the *New Quarterly Magazine*, which will also contain, among other articles, one on Marlborough, in continuation of the series of monographs by public school men which have recently been devoted to "Our Public Schools."

FOR the coming elections, Mr. Stanford has published Miss Shaw Lefevre's political maps uncoloured, so that, as the results of the elections become known, the colours can be added, and the state of the parties seen at a glance.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT have in the press in two volumes a new work entitled *The Village of Palaces; or, Chronicles of Chelsea*, by the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange, author of *The Life of the Rev. W. Harness*, &c. Mr. L'Estrange has made a complete study of every point of interest, historical and topographical, relating to this popular suburb, and his pages will also contain a series of biographical sketches of the distinguished persons who have been among its principal inhabitants, from early times to the present day. Mr. L'Estrange has been at great pains to identify the sites of the many remarkable buildings which formerly caused Chelsea to be called "The Village of Palaces."

IT is said that Victor Hugo has completed a new drama entitled *Les Jumeaux*, of which Louis XIV. and the Man with the Iron Mask are the heroes.

PROF. MINAYEFF, a distinguished Russian scholar, is at present staying at Bombay with a view of collecting Sanskrit MSS. bearing on the Buddhist religion.

THE *Indian Spectator*, published in Bombay, in general a great admirer and no unworthy rival of its London namesake, reads the latter a severe lesson on its review of *The Sacred Books of the East*, which it characterises as "simply antediluvian."

MR. EDWARD MAWLEY, F.M.S., has in the press a pamphlet on the weather of 1879 as observed in the neighbourhood of London, and compared in all respects with that of an average year, with meteorological tables and a diagram. It will be published by Messrs. Bemrose and Sons.

A VALUABLE donation has lately been made to the Lambeth Palace Library by Mr. John Henry Parker, C.B., who has given many of his works on Roman and English archaeology, as well as others of a suitable nature. The architectural drawings by the late Edward Blore, F.S.A., of Lambeth Palace as restored and enlarged by him about 1830, have also been presented by the Rev. E. W. Blore, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

THE *Geography* which was left in Mr. Stanford's hands by the late Mr. Keith Johnston will be published about the first week in April.

UNDER the title of *The Iron Roads Dictionary and Railway Travellers' Illustrated Companion*, Messrs. Waterlow and Sons (Limited) are preparing, with official sanction and assistance, a complete handbook of the English railways. The compiler is Mr. J. R. Somers Vine, author of several works of reference published by the same firm.

THE *Calcutta Englishman* states that Dr.

Bellew has placed in the hands of Messrs. Thacker, Spink and Co. a work on *The Races of Afghanistan*, which will contain much new information.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT will publish next week a new novel by Mr. Joseph Hatton, entitled *Three Recruits, and the Girls they left behind them*, in three volumes, and, early in April, *Poet and Peer*, a novel by Hamilton Aidé, in three volumes.

MR. J. E. BAILEY has made an interesting discovery respecting Richard de Bury, the author of the *Philobiblon*. In his appointment as Dean of Wells, in 1322, he is described as "Richard de Bury alias de Sancto Edmundo," and the latter is the name found on the roll of the chamberlains of Chester for the year 1321; but neither Sir Peter Leycester nor his subsequent editors had any suspicion of the identity of the chamberlain with the man who was then tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward III., who made him Lord Treasurer of England and Count Bishop of Durham. It was customary for priests, when they filled offices of importance, to employ the name of their birthplace as a surname; and hence the author of *Philobiblon*, known first as Richard d'Aungerville, then as De Saint Edmunds (perhaps from the monastery), was, in his later years, known as Richard de Bury (now Bury St. Edmunds), where he was born.

THE *Anchor* is the title of a new religious weekly which will make its appearance in London in the course of the next few weeks. Like the *Rock*, its principles will be of an ultra-Protestant character.

THE King of Portugal, who has successfully translated several of Shakspeare's plays, will shortly issue a Portuguese version of *The Merchant of Venice*.

M. GOOVAERTS has published at Antwerp a book on the origin of gazettes and periodical newspapers; in which he claims to have proved that Abraham Verhoeven (born at Antwerp, June 22, 1580) was "not only the first gazetteer of Europe, but also the inventor of the illustrated paper." The first number of his venture which has fallen into M. Goovaert's hands contains an account of the Battle of Eeckeren, fought May 17, 1605. From the number for April 14, 1609, it appears that the price was two sous per copy. After 1611 the publication of Verhoeven's paper was more systematic and regular, and, in 1622, 179 numbers were published in all. In 1629 it became a weekly journal under the title of the *Wekelyke Tydinghe*. In 1637 Verhoeven recognised its financial failure, and made it over to the publishing firm of Verdussen. An interesting review of the work from the competent pen of M. O. Ruelens appears in the *Athenaeum Belge* of the 15th inst.

A NEW Socialistic organ has appeared at Zürich, under the title of *L'Ordre Social*. Although its scope does not exclude the natural sciences, philosophy, statistics, criticism, or literature, its aim is distinctly Socialistic.

M. V. BOUTON, of 41 Rue Saint-Jean, Brussels, is preparing a *facsimile* of the *Armorial* of one Gelre, a Herald of Arms, A.D. 1334-90, and has printed a list of the names contained in his collection, in order to get any information that he can about the men and families mentioned in this early *Armorial*. The second name in it is that of John Abbernethe—a namesake of our famous surgeon—and among its followers are the names of Cobham, Courtenay, Cromwell, Latimer, Lenox, Morley, Murray, Neville, Ramsay, Salisbury, Wye, Wylde, &c. He asks help from English antiquaries.

WE learn from the *Revue Critique* that M. Amédée Tardieu has just brought out the third and concluding volume of his translation of

Strabo.—M. Delpech, author of the well-known study on the Battle of Muret, is engaged on a similar work on the Battle of Bouvines.—M. Cavvadia has been appointed Professor of Archaeology in the University of Athens.—M. M. Deffner proposes to edit a fortnightly journal dealing with Neo-Greek literature.

LOVERS of Italian literature will welcome a bibliographical work which, under the title of *Opere della Biblioteca Nazionale pubblicate dal Cav. Felice le Monnier e Successori, descritte ed illustrate da Camillo Raineri Bischia*, has just been published by Signor Vigo, of Leghorn. The compiler has not given the world a mere cut-and-dry bookseller's catalogue. A carefully detailed bibliographical description of each book in the list is accompanied by a critical appreciation of its author, while the monotony is agreeably broken now and then by "Novelle," reprinted from scarce works in most instances, and intended to give the general reader some idea of the greater masters of Italian fiction. The book is handsomely got up and printed, although the paper would not compare favourably with that on which are printed the *éditions de luxe* to which we have grown familiar bearing the names of such publishers as Lemerre or Quantin.

MESSRS. LOESCHER, of Rome and Turin, have in the press the second and last volume of the *Biblioteca Arabo-Sicula*, a collection of Arabic texts on the geography, history, biography, and bibliography of Sicily selected and translated into Italian by the historian Michele Amari. They are also bringing out a folio edition of the same work (as a continuation of Muratori's *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*), of which the first number has already appeared.

AN interesting report has been drawn up by Mr. John Fryer on the department for the translation of foreign books at the Kiangnan Arsenal, Shanghai, in which, after giving an account of its history, he furnishes a detailed explanation of its system of working. The department has been at work, as far as publication is concerned, since 1871, and in this period works have been prepared dealing with the following subjects:—Mathematics, surveying, &c., engineering, chemistry, geography, geology, mining, &c., astronomy and navigation, physical science, medicine, arts and manufactures, naval and military science, chronology, naval architecture, history, and international law. Ninety-eight complete works have been published, forty-five have been translated and are in various stages of preparation, and thirteen are now in course of translation.

SIGNOR CARRARA, of Milan, has brought out a second edition, enlarged by many hitherto unpublished verses, of the poems of Emilia Fua-Fusinato.

AN Italian edition of Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* will shortly appear in Rome, translated and carefully edited by Signor G. B. Martelli.

PROF. CRANE, of Cornell University, is preparing for publication a work on the Folk-Tales of Italy which is likely to prove as interesting to the general reader as it will be valuable to specialists. That he is well qualified for the task he has undertaken is shown by the fact that articles of his upon Italian folk-lore, which have appeared in the *North American Review* and *Lippincott's Magazine*, have been translated into Italian by Signor Pollacci Nuccio, Director of the Archives of the Senate of Palermo, and published in the *Giornale di Sicilia* and the *Effemeridi Siciliani*.

MESSRS. MACNIVEN AND WALLACE, of Edinburgh, announce for publication a series of works by well-known religious writers, to be entitled *The Household Library of Exposition*, and to consist of expository lectures on the short books and connected passages of Scripture.

The first volume, by the Rev. Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, will be published in April.

MESSRS. CASSELL, PETER, GALPIN AND CO. will publish in a few days a work entitled *Political and Legal Remedies for War*, by Sheldon Amos, M.A., late Professor of Jurisprudence in University College, London.

A NEW novel by Mr. Charles Gibbon, entitled "Fancy Free," will be commenced in the *Glasgow Weekly Mail* early next month. The principal action of the story takes place on the Grampian Hills and in Yorkshire.

NEW MSS. IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

SINCE our last notice of MSS. purchased for the British Museum, the following additions to the collections have been made. The most important historical papers are those of the Family of Nicholas, the main part of which are the official and other correspondence and papers of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State under Charles the First. Among them are some valuable documents relating to the *Elkon Basilike*; the arrest of the Five Members; the negotiation of Montreuil, the French ambassador in Scotland, with Charles for his surrender to the Scotch army; and letters of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia. Of the same period is a nearly contemporary copy of a journal of proceedings in the House of Commons kept from 1642 to 1647 by Lawrence Whitacre, member for Okehampton. Mr. S. R. Gardiner has presented transcripts of State Papers at Simancas and in other foreign archives concerning the reign of James the First. There is also a volume of Exchequer Papers of the years 1570-1799; another of documents relating to the Mint of 1599-1677; and some papers relating to the accusation brought against Francis Creswicke of complicity in Monmouth's rebellion. Of some rarity is an assessment-roll for levying Peter's Pence in the county of Leicester in the fifteenth century; as well as the book of "Police et Discipline" of the Walloon Church of Norwich, drawn up in 1589. A copy of Dante's *Divina Commedia* having marginal notes and bearing the date of 1379 came from the library of Sir Anthony Panizzi. A very valuable MS. has also been purchased, containing poems and romances in English of the fifteenth century collected by R. Thornton; and also Wycliffe's version of the Psalms and poetical books of the Old Testament of the fifteenth century. The Welsh language is well represented in a collection of poems of the seventeenth century, in seven volumes; and in a series of transcripts of poems made in the last and present centuries, in forty-nine volumes, the gift of Miss Maurice, of Highgate. Among the miscellaneous volumes are *Tractatus de Sphaera et de Algorismo*, fifteenth century; papers collected by Sir Anthony Panizzi relating to Boniface VIII. and the Templars; *Ricordi politici* of Lelio Marretti, seventeenth century; autograph letters of Cardinal Alberoni, 1718; Louis-Philippe, 1841; of George Ellis, W. Giffard, James Hogg, J. H. Frere, and others addressed to W. S. Rose; and of Daniel O'Connell, 1834; letters and memoranda of William Cobbett, with some of his contributions to the *Political Register*; a tour in Iceland in 1818; and anecdotes of the Franco-German War, the French Commune and Republic, to 1873. Many volumes of music have been added, viz.:—Madrigals arranged in score by E. P. Warren, in two volumes; and compositions of Paganini, F. Commer, F. S. von Wartensee, J. André, G. B. Casali, F. Dentici, S. Neukomm, C. S. Binder, C. H. Graun, C. F. A. Billert, N. Piccini, and V. Novello.

ST.-SIMON'S PAPERS.

THE Duc de St.-Simon, the famous author of the Memoirs relating to the reign of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., was not only a writer of genius, but likewise an amateur and a politician. As an amateur, he was the owner of a collection of MSS. containing some very rare documents, and particularly some appendices to his Memoirs; as a politician he played an important part, more especially as ambassador to Spain, in 1721. In the latter capacity he kept in his own hands a number of curious documents concerning his own personal history as well as that of the foreign relations of France. M. de Boilisle, the new editor of the Memoirs (the MS. of which is now the property of the firm of Hachette), has hitherto sought in vain for permission to consult the MSS. belonging to St.-Simon which are preserved in the *Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères*. One of the first acts of the new Administration, the establishment of which we have recently announced, was to allow access to the papers of this illustrious writer. M. de Boilisle will henceforward be able to work undisturbed at a complete edition of the Memoirs, the appendices included; and M. Drumont will be enabled to study the Spanish embassy, which is his special subject. It is said that this liberality, which contrasts so favourably with the former proceedings with regard to the archives, is due to the personal intervention of M. de Freycinet, Minister for Foreign Affairs. He has earned thereby the gratitude of the literary world.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for March has the beginning of a paper, by Georg Brandes, on "Prosper Mérimée," whom the writer regards as a romanticist who was struggling to gain the purity and restraint of classicism. Herr Staub writes a pleasant article on "Tyrolean Culture and Society." Karl Hillebrand contributes an article, marked by his usual vivacity, on "Metternich," in reference to the recently published Memoirs. His general conclusions are thus summarised:—"There were two Metternichs, one before and one after 1815. Metternich the practical statesman became Metternich the theorist. It is a pity that the latter wrote the history of the former."

In the *Revue Historique* M. Lallier writes a careful article on "The Trial of C. Rabirius." He takes the view that the election of Cicero to the consulship marked a re-organisation of the Optimates party which Caesar was anxious to overthrow. Cicero, in his desire to identify the cause of the Senate with that of the Republic, was willing to sacrifice his own past. His intervention in the case of Rabirius was due to a wish to set forth the advantages of a union of the two orders, and so to express clearly his political position. M. Bréard's extracts from the "Memoirs of Jean Doublet of Honfleur" continue to be interesting in their relation with English affairs. The Norman Corsair gives much interesting information on the naval war of France and England from 1690 to 1695. Especially curious is his account of carrying to Leith in 1691 an engineer to aid the Duke of Gordon in his attempt to hold Edinburgh Castle for James II. Prof. Stern makes a useful contribution to historical bibliography by an account of works published in Germany since 1877 dealing with the history of the Reformation. Prof. Stern also contributes an appreciative notice of Seeley's "Life of Stein."

THE *Bibliothèque Universelle et Revue Suisse* has an article, by M. Rambert, on "The Swiss Flora and its Origin" which gives an excellent *résumé* of knowledge that would interest tourists in Switzerland. M. Leger

writes on the "Literary Renaissance in Bulgaria," which began chiefly in the present century. The quotations which M. Leger gives from Bulgarian writers present the most melancholy picture of the deadening results of the tyranny under which they laboured.

Le Livre for March contains an article on the British Museum Reading Room which is pretty well confined to a simple enumeration of the rules and arrangements of that very admirable institution. A paper on the "Incunabula" of the Paris Arsenal Library busies itself for the most part with the Bibles and theological works of the collection which the name of Nodier, no less than its literary riches, has endeared to lovers of books. A well-deserved notice is given to J. C. Brunet under the title of "Un Grand Bibliographe." On the whole, the section of "Bibliographie Ancienne" is perhaps inferior to the contents of the first two numbers. It is, however, enriched by an unpublished portrait of Rousseau which represents him as much less "woe-struck and minatory" than the usual specimens of his iconography. The portion of the periodical which is devoted to current events keeps up its value. We may notice in particular an admirable review of *Nana* by M. Louis Ulbach, in which the literary shortcomings of M. Zola's last *pièce de conviction* are indicated in a fashion which could hardly be surpassed. Not the least attraction of the Review to students and book-lovers is to be found in the advertisements, where notice of not a few curiosities and novelties is to be found. The modern French fashion of very limited issues naturally results in speedy exhaustion of editions, and not unfrequently a student only hears of a reprint to find that it has become *introuvable*, except, according to a habit of French publishers which is not so much to be praised as some other of their customs, at a much higher price than the published price. Diligent observation of the "Chronique" and the advertising columns of *Le Livre* ought to prevent disappointments of this kind.

LIEUT. PALANDER'S "Narrative" in *Blackwood's Magazine* is the most complete account of the accomplishment of the North-East Passage hitherto published in England. The author, who had command of the exploring vessel, does not speak very confidently of being able to accomplish the whole passage every year. The explorers experienced their greatest difficulty, not in rounding the extreme northern point of Asia, as might have been expected, but farther east, on approaching Behring Strait. Lieut. Palander thinks, however, that the condition of the ice in 1878 was peculiarly unfavourable, and that the strait between Northern Siberia and Wrangel Land can in most years be navigated from the middle of August to the end of September. As the Ob and Yenisei can be reached every season from the West, while the Lena is rendered accessible through Behring Strait, the great rivers of Siberia are thus opened to the world's maritime commerce. Trading vessels, however, will do well not to depend upon finding the condition of the ice around Taymir and Cape Chelyuskin as favourable as the Swedish explorers did, as its position depends altogether upon the wind, and there are no voluminous rivers to carry it away from the shore.

OBITUARY.

MR. THOMAS BELL.

IT is with much regret that we see the announcement of the death of Prof. Thomas Bell, at one time secretary to the Royal Society, and afterwards president of the Linnean Society. Mr. Bell, in the midst of his large practice as a dentist, found time to study natural science

with such effect that he attained to great eminence in that line, and his three important works are each the best of its kind. It is now more than forty years since he brought out, in Van Voorst's series, his *Histories of British Quadrupeds and of British Reptiles*. When more than eighty-four years old he published his edition of Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*. This is a model of what careful and unobtrusive editing should be; it contains much new matter, and is acknowledged to be the best of the many editions which have continually appeared since the author's death. Mr. Bell was long Professor of Zoology in King's College, London, and corresponding member of several foreign learned societies.

When verging on seventy he gave up practice and retired to the Wakes at Selborne, formerly Gilbert White's, from whose great-nieces he had purchased it. No worthier successor to the naturalist of Selborne could have been found, and here in White's own village he carried on with the same accuracy and acumen the observations which have made White famous. He delighted in collecting every relic and memorial of his predecessor, and his house and grounds were always open to the lovers of White's fascinating work.

A more peaceful, happy, and useful old age was never seen. In the enjoyment of robust health till within two or three years of his death, he was surrounded by friends of all ages, for he had the happy faculty of gaining the confidence and affection of the young. He took an active part in the duties and business of his parish, and was a constant friend to the poor, who resorted to him to profit by his medical knowledge and experience. His memory was prodigious, and hardly failed even to the last. His information was varied and extensive, and he himself is a remarkable instance of the value of a pursuit beyond and in addition to a professional one; he never, after he gave up his profession, seemed to feel a regret for the loss of it, or to have a moment unemployed.

THE death is also announced of Dr. Wilibald Artus, Professor of Philosophy at Jena; and of Signor Palumbo, author of *Maria Carolina Regina delle Due Sicilie, suo Carteggio con Lady Emma Hamilton*.

SELECTED BOOKS. General Literature.

- APPELL, A. *Handbuch f. Kupferstichsammler*. Leipzig: Danz. 16 M.
BROMBERG, E. C., and C. WYMAN. *A Bibliography of Printing*. Vol. I. A-L. Quaritch. 52s. 6d.
DESCHAMPS, P., et G. BRUNET. *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres: Supplément*. T. 2. N-Z. Paris: Firmin-Didot.
FORMET, H. *Ancient Rome and its Connexion with the Christian Religion*. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 50s.
GUILLARD, D. *Les Maitres ornementistes*. Fasc. 1. Paris: Plon. 3 fr.
JULIEN-LAFERRIÈRE, L. *L'Art en Saintonge et en Aunis*. Liège: Claesen. 8 fr.
MARTIN, Theodore. *Life of H.R.H. the Prince Consort*. Vol. V. Smith, Elder & Co. 18s.
OWEN, F. M. *John Keats: a Study*. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 6s.
RAUNIE, E. *Chansonnier historique du XVIII^e Siècle*. 1^{re} Partie. T. 2. Paris: Quantin. 10 fr.
ROUFFEYRoux, L. de. *Le Portugal*. Paris: Dentu. 15 fr.
STARK, C. B. *Handbuch der Archäologie der Kunst*. 1. Abth. Systematik u. Geschichte der Archäologie der Kunst. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Engelmann. 3 M. 75 Pf.
WARD, A. W. *Chaucer*. ("English Men of Letters.") Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

History.

- AT-TABARI, A. D. M. ben D. *Annales*. I. Pars 2. Leiden: Brill. 8 M.
BINDERER, J. J. *Tacitus u. die Geschichte d. römischen Reiches unter Tiberius in den ersten 6 Büchern ab excessu divi Augusti*. Wien: Lechner. 4 M.
BLOQUVILLE, M^{me}. de. *Le Maréchal Davout, Prince d'Eckmühl, raconté par les siens et par lui-même*. T. 3. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
CARO, J. *Das Bündnis v. Canterbury. Eine Episode aus der Geschichte d. Constanzer Concils*. Gotha: Perthes. 2 M. 40 Pf.
LASCO, J. de. *Liber beneficiorum archidieocesis Gnesensis*. Ed. J. Lukowski. Tom. I. Gnesen: Lange. 18 M.
LINSINGER, Caroline v., die Gattin e. engl. Prinzen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M.

- POLYCHRONICON Ranulphi Higden Monachi Cestrensis. Vol. III. Ed. J. R. Lumby. Rolls Series. 10s.
POSSELD, V. *Quæ Asiæ minoris orae occidentalis sub Dario, Hyaspis ilio, fuerit condicio*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
RÉMYRAT, M^{me}. de (1802-8). *Mémoires de, publiés par P. de Rémyrat*. T. 3. Paris: C. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
WHISTLER, J. Talboys. *A Short History of India*. Macmillan. 12s.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- ARATUS' Skies and Weather Forecasts. Trans. E. Poste. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.
DAWKINS, W. Boyd. *Early Man in Britain, and his Place in the Tertiary Period*. Macmillan. 25s.
DESDOITS, Th. *La Métaphysique et ses Rapports avec les autres Sciences*. Paris: Thorin. 5 fr.
MARTIN, K. *Die Tertiärschichten auf Java*. 3. Lfg. Leiden: Brill. 8 M. 50 Pf.
SCHLEGEL, H. *Notes from the Royal Zoological Museum of the Netherlands at Leiden*. Vol. II. No. 1. Leiden: Brill. 1 M. 80 Pf.

Philology, &c.

- ARISTOPHANIS Thesmophoriazusæ. Ed. F. H. M. Blaydes. Halle: Weissenhaus. 5 M.
BERGEL, J. *Studien üb. die naturwissenschaftlichen Kenntnisse der Talmudisten*. Leipzig: Friedrich. 4 M.
GONDEL, A. *Lexilogus zu Homer u. den Homeriden*. 2. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann. 17 M.
PLAUTI, T. M., Comœdiæ. Rec. J. L. Ussing. Vol. III. Pars 2. Leipzig: Weigel. 11 M. 25 Pf.
SATIRA philologia H. Sauppio obulit amicorum conlegarum decess. Berlin: Weidmann. 8 M.
SAUPPIO, H. *Quæstiones Lucretianæ*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 50 Pf.
VOLLEBERT, G. *Questionum Catonianarum capita duo, sive de vita Catonis ejusque fontibus atque de originibus*. Kiel: v. Maack. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR R. SIBBALD AND THE "WILD CATTLE."

14 Maddox Street, W.: March 13, 1880.

Will you allow me to point out that the writer of the very kind notice of the *Fauna of Scotland* in this week's ACADEMY is in error in stating that Sir Robert Sibbald attests the existence of maned white wild cattle in Scotland? The passage quoted in your notice is not from the pen of that excellent observer, but from the history of Bishop Leslie (1578, *De Orig.*, &c., Scot., p. 19), who copies almost verbally from Boethius (1526, *Scot. Hist.*, fol. xi.). Sibbald, after quoting the older chroniclers, observed that their statements required confirmation, that the wild cattle then existing in certain parts of Scotland were white, but neither fierce nor different in form from domestic animals, and adds, "*an jubati Bisontes nunc extant nescio*" (*Scot. Illust.*, *Hist. An.*, p. 7). There is abundance of evidence that the so-called "wild cattle" were confined to parks long before Sibbald's day.

EDWARD R. ALSTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, March 22, 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Notes of an Ascent of the River Binuë in August 1879, with Remarks on the Systems of the Rivers Shari and Binuë," by E. Hutchinson.
TUESDAY, March 23, 1 p.m. Horticultural.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Explosive Agents applied to Industrial Purposes," by Prof. Abel.
8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: "On Nieobareso Ideographs," by V. Ball; "On a New Method of Expressing Degree of Changes of Specific Form in the Organic World," by A. Taylor.
8 p.m. Spelling Reform Association: "On Dimidian Spelling," by A. J. Ellis.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "South Australia, her Land Laws and Recent Industrial Progress," by Sir Arthur Blyth.
WEDNESDAY, March 24, 8 p.m. Geological.
8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Some Recent Improvements in Electric Light Apparatus," by A. Siemens.
SATURDAY, March 27, 3.45 p.m. Botanic.

SCIENCE.

The Field Naturalist's Handbook. By the Rev. J. G. Wood and Theodore Wood. (Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.)

Most natural history observers in England have used with profit *The Naturalists' Calendar*, compiled by Gilbert White and Markwick. It assigns natural phenomena of very varied kinds to almost every day throughout the year in regular order, together

with approximate dates to each; the English climate, as the most superficial observation shows, being apt to produce these phenomena but irregularly, varying with different seasons. The book before us still further extends these limits, and adds to the phenomena, but reverses their order. It groups under each month of the year an exhaustive list of the butterflies and moths which may then be captured, and at the same time gives the names and localities of the different flowering plants. It may thus be described as a handbook for the practical entomologist and botanist. A catalogue of British birds, their stay in England, the situations in which their nests are placed, and the number of eggs which they lay is appended at the end of the volume. It would have been better to add to each month the times of arrival and departure for our migratory birds, as these dates are wonderfully constant. Markwick, for instance, assigns April 7-27 to the return of the chimney swallow. Taking three recent years at random, 1866, 1869, and 1878, we noted its appearance respectively on April 14, 11, and 15. Mr. Wood only gives its stay in England as ranging "April-October." An excellent chapter of useful hints for the moth and plant collector is prefixed to each month, and the book thus becomes a valuable guide to the field naturalist. He must find the eyes, and Mr. Wood will then point out what to notice.

The arrangement here adopted, if useful to the field naturalist, possesses some inconveniences. Thus, taking the present month, March; the collector is bidden to look out for a page and a-half of butterflies and moths ordinarily on the wing at this time, and for a page of flowering plants. Advancing, however, to June and July, he finds himself embarrassed with no less than ten and nine pages respectively of insects, and ten and fourteen of flowers then in perfection; that is, with many hundreds of insects and little short of a whole flora. Many of these plants and animals are repeated, which adds to the bulk of the book; and a scientific instead of an alphabetical arrangement is adopted, so that a tyro is hopelessly at sea. Even the general index of insects at the end of the book follows Doubleday's system, while there is no index at all for plants. Supposing, therefore, that the botanist wishes to know in what month and where he must look for the rare *epipactis palustris*, he is compelled to run his eye through month after month until, by a great expenditure of patience, he lights upon the name by good hap in July, and is there told, rightly enough, to search for it in "marshy pastures." Human life not being patriarchal in these days, we are inclined to attach a greater value to the hints appended to each month, and these are really good, brief, and to the point. We should not recommend the egg-seeker, however, to protect small and delicate eggs, such as those of the golden-crested wren and the bottle-tit, before blowing them by rolling a few layers of tissue-paper round them, steeped in gum, which Mr. Wood advises, adding that the paper can be soaked off when the egg is finished. No surer mode of breaking them could be devised. It is much better to blow them over a cup of water, when if they slip from the fingers they

sustain no harm. "When quite dry," says the author again, "the eggs should be fastened on stout white cardboard by a little patch of coaguline just by the hole. The egg will then appear as perfect as if it had never been touched." We trust that egg-collectors will not follow this advice; the least shake or unwary touch will infallibly break all eggs so treated.

Turning to particulars, the authors do not insert the marsh marigold (*caltha palustris*) as a flowering plant until May. It commonly flowers in the two previous months, and continues to bloom later. Similarly, furze (*ulex europaeus*) is assigned to February. The lovers' adage is more correct which suggests that its blossoms may be found in every month through the year. These are venial faults, however, as every botanist will allow as he thankfully acknowledges the large amount of information with which the authors furnish his craft. The entomologist will find that the latest researches have been embodied here for his benefit. Of the *eupitheciæ* (pug moths), for instance, the studies of the Rev. H. Harpur Crewe allow no less than forty-eight species to be characterised. Newman gives forty-seven, and Morris only forty-three of these. Among the curiosities of the science, Mr. Wood does not forget to notice the gipsy moth (*liparis dispar*). Collectors have ceased to find it at large, and it is now apparently only to be procured, like the silkworm in England, from eggs laid in captivity. It is fast following the extinct *lycaena dispar* of the F.n distr.ct. The expedients here given for catching and preserving moths will be welcome to many an entomologist, and contain the newest lights on the subject. The important device of "treacling" for moths is very fully explained, and its superiority to the old plan of "sugaring" made manifest. In the hints for May, again, the whole mystery of "sembling" is lucidly detailed; and (what the young insect-hunter will appreciate) a simple and inexpensive mode of constructing a moth-trap is described, which will answer its purpose equally well with the much more costly American moth-trap. In short, this handbook may, with confidence, be recommended to all enthusiastic moth-collectors, as Mr. Wood never tires of imparting useful hints or ingenious suggestions in the most terse and practical language. It is a pity that its size is somewhat awkward for a book which will insist on becoming a pocket companion when a naturalist has once made its acquaintance. Nor do the authors forget the collector's difficulties when his specimens are arranged. An effective treatment of them with corrosive sublimate, together with the right proportions of the solution, is given, which will set his anxieties at rest concerning their preservation. What young entomologist has not been filled with despair as he watched some splendid purple emperor flitting over his head among the oak-trees provokingly out of his reach? We shall leave our authors to divulge to him the secret of capturing it. In spite of its want of alphabetical indexes, this book is full of information for all working botanists and entomologists, and will much enhance Mr. Wood's reputation as a skilful provider of practical knowledge to naturalists. Fisher-

men are often upbraid with insensibility to the sufferings of the quarry, and the kindly words of Walton on impaling a frog quoted in proof. They can effectively retort upon the entomologist in Mr. Wood's remarks upon killing insects. After suggesting, and that with the most humane intentions, that the movements of an insect "from which the whole of the vital organs have been removed, and the whole of whose tissues, internal and external, have been saturated with poison, cannot betoken life, much less pain," he proceeds to add benevolently, but with what seems to all but scientific entomologists a somewhat cold-blooded disregard of insect perception of pain—

"A very little benzine applied to the under surface of the abdomen will generally kill a moth instantly, but has the disadvantage of stiffening it so that it can hardly be set. The best plan with an obstinate moth is to set it first, and then apply the benzine to the lower part of the thorax, just where the pin passes through it."

M. G. WATKINS.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE German African Association is steadily pursuing the work it has undertaken. Rohlf's map of the Oasis of Kufra has just been published in the *Mittheilungen* of the association. It is an important contribution to African cartography, for, until Rohlf's exploration, our knowledge of this oasis was limited to a few details collected from native travellers. It results from the boiling-point and aneroid observations made by Dr. Strecker that Aujila and Jalo lie at a small elevation above the sea-level, and not below it, as stated by Rohlf in 1869. There is some hope of the Turkish Government paying some compensation for the losses sustained by the expedition in Kufra. Dr. Strecker, at all events, is to have another chance of penetrating from Bornu into the unexplored countries lying between the Rivers Shari, Binue, Congo, and Ogowe. This time, however, he will proceed by the usual caravan road to Kuka in Bornu.

DR. BUCHNER is reported to have left Kimbundo for Musumba on the 22nd of September. It is proposed to despatch another expedition to Musumba, under the leadership of Dr. Pogge, who is to be accompanied by an officer, as surveyor, and by a naturalist. In this way the exploration of Lunda and of the southern tributaries of the Congo is likely to make steady progress.

THE "scientific station" to be established by the association in Eastern Africa will be placed under the direction of Capt. von Schöler, assisted by Dr. Boehm as zoologist, and by Dr. G. A. Fischer, whose recent explorations on the Zanzibar coast have been noticed by us. The French will establish one station under Capt. Bloyet, in Eastern Africa, probably in Usagara, and another, under Savorgnan de Brazza, on the Upper Ogowe.

GUIDO CORA's *Cosmos* contains an interesting map of the region of the White and Blue Niles between Sennar and the Sobat, designed to illustrate the explorations of De Bono, Gessi, Matteucci and other Italian explorers. An accompanying article supplies some useful information on the achievements of these African travellers, whose labours have in an appreciable manner extended our knowledge of the Sobat and the district around Fadasi.

BISHOP MASSALA, after a residence of thirty years in southern Abyssinia, during which he collected a considerable amount of information on the Galla countries, has been expelled by

John Kassa, the present emperor. His departure is likely to prove detrimental to the interests of the Italian explorers at present in Shoa.

SIGNOR G. M. GIULIETTI announces his arrival at Harar in November last. He spent only eight days on the road from Zeyla, and promises to forward his itineraries to the Italian Geographical Society. The last *Bollettino* of that scientific body publishes a few sketches by Signor S. Martini, of the Italian mission in Africa.

WE understand that Mr. Robert L. Jack, a surveyor in the employ of the Queensland Government, has recently completed a series of explorations in Cape York peninsula which will materially alter the present blank appearance of the map of that region. Mr. Jack had not been able to complete his report on the results of his labours, as he had been despatched on special service last December to the Peach River gold-fields. This river has never yet been followed down to the sea, but Mr. Jack has formed a strong opinion that it is identical with the Archer River of the Messrs. Jardine, which empties into the Gulf of Carpentaria. A map of the peninsula, with Mr. Jack's important additions, is in preparation, and, it is hoped, will shortly be ready for issue.

MR. JAMES BONWICK, one of the exploring party engaged last year in the flying survey for a trans-continental railway to Port Darwin, states that an important discovery was made along the Queensland border. Instead of being a hopeless desert, as has sometimes been supposed, it was found that a vast region, several hundred miles in length, both in western Queensland and the northern territory, is composed of rich black earth, covered with luxuriant grass, and, what is most important, it is well watered by numerous streams.

THE success achieved by Major Serpa Pinto in the field of African exploration is seemingly not to remain unchallenged by his own countrymen, though, so far as we are aware, geographers of other countries freely admit the important services which he has rendered to science in more than one branch. Senhor Manuel Ferreira Ribeiro, however, is clearly not at one with them, and he has published (Lisbon: Typographia Nova Minerva), in a ponderous volume of nine hundred pages, what he terms an "estudo critico e documentado," entitled *As Conferencias e o Itinerario do Viajante Serpa Pinto através da Africa Austral nos limites das provincias de Angola e Moçambique*.

IN the attempt which he made to explore Kafiristan last year, and which he was compelled by illness to abandon, Major Tanner got some distance to the north of Jellalabad, as far indeed as the beautiful Chugani valley of Aret. This valley appears, from his description, to be singularly picturesque; there was foaming and rushing water everywhere, creepers and ferns grew in the crevices of the rocks, and oaks and wild olive on the flatter parts of the craggy spurs. Up the valley, past walnut groves, terraces, and hamlets, the round snow-covered peaks of Kund could just be seen rising out of the black pine forests that clothe the mountains from 7,000 feet to about 11,000 feet above the sea, while below were groves, scattered houses, and the roaring torrent fed by the snows of Kund. The Chugani inhabitants of the valley are, in Major Tanner's opinion, converted Kafirs, and in many respects they resemble the people of Kafiristan; they are quiet, faithful to their masters, and true to their engagements. Their young women have handsome and even beautiful features, a well-known characteristic of the Kafir race.

By the last mail from India we learn that the survey officers with the Lughman Valley

expedition under General Bright have fixed the confluence of the Alishang and Alinghar rivers, to which point Major Tanner and Capt. Leach, we believe, made a fair survey of the Lughman valley last year from the Daronta, though the results of their work have not yet been published. It is expected that the present expedition will add greatly to our geographical knowledge in the Lughman valley and neighbourhood, and may not improbably yield results of great interest from an antiquarian point of view.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A New Telegraphic Reporting Station for the Meteorological Office.—We learn from a letter in the *Times* that Sir James Ramsden has with great liberality proposed to establish and maintain at his own cost a telegraphing reporting station at Barrow-in-Furness, which will be an important addition to the system of the Meteorological Office, as that possesses no telegraphic station on the West coast of Great Britain between Liverpool and Ardrossan. Barrow is also very near the new high-level station at Hawes Junction, at the elevation of about 1,100 feet, so that the mutual comparison of the reports cannot fail to be interesting. It need scarcely be said that the council have most gladly accepted Sir J. Ramsden's very generous proposal.

The Rainfall of the Austrian Empire.—Dr. Hann has undertaken a discussion of all the existing rain records from the entire region covered by his *Jahrbuch*, and has published in the *Sitzungsberichte* of the Vienna Academy for October 16, 1879, the first part of the work, relating to the seasonal distribution of the fall. The second part, relating to the variability of fall, has also been laid before the Academy, and we may expect to have it in a few days. The value of such a research will be seen when we remember that the immense area which it embraces comprises every gradation in distribution of fall, from decided summer rain to the regular winter rains, and the period available is considerable. There are 181 stations in all, of which 145 have more than ten years' record, and five extend over more than half-a-century. This paper, with Raulin's on the rainfall in the Alps, from Vienna to Marseilles, published in the Austrian *Zeitschrift*, vol. xiv. (1879), p. 233, gives an immensity of information as to the amount of precipitation in Central and Southern Europe.

The Great Southern Comet.—Some preliminary reports received from the Cape and from Monte Video contain sufficient information to explain why the great comet, the appearance of which was announced early in February by telegram from Buenos Ayres, has not become visible in Europe. It appears that the tail of the comet was first seen on February 1, when the head was already below the horizon, and that for a whole week Southern observers were baffled in finding the head before its setting, and had to content themselves with fixing the outline of the magnificent tail. Not before February 8 was a nebulous nucleus, with no well-defined point, picked up, and regular observations do not seem to have been feasible before February 10.

Prehistoric Archaeology.—A new scheme of nomenclature has been introduced to the notice of students of prehistoric archaeology by M. Edouard Piette in a pamphlet recently published at Laon. He divides *anthropic* or prehistoric times into two ages—the *agrestique*, or age of hunting, and the *gèorgique*, or age of agriculture. The former is sub-divided into, first, the *barylithic* period, a period in which heavy stones were used for weapons, and comprising the *acheulian* and *mousterian* epochs of Mortillet; and,

secondly, the *leptolithic* period, a period in which implements of thin stones were employed, and comprising the *solutrian* and *magdalenian* epochs. M. Piette's second age is sub-divided into the *neolithic*, or newer stone period; the *chalcitic*, or bronze period; and the *protosideric*, or primitive iron period, which corresponds with the early Gaulish epoch.

THE Madras papers announce the death on February 5 of Chintamanay Raghunatha Charry, head assistant in the Madras Observatory for the last seventeen years. He is stated to have been the first and only native of India who can claim the rank of a discoverer, having detected two new variable stars—R. Reticuli and V. Cephei. He wrote his first paper for the Royal Astronomical Society in 1859, and was elected a fellow of that body in 1872.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A PAPER by the late G. H. Damant, Political Officer in the Naga Hills, which was written and despatched very shortly before his assassination, will appear in the forthcoming part of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society. Mr. Damant had previously shown, by his papers in the *Indian Antiquary* and the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society, that he was a competent philologist and a close and careful observer; and it is satisfactory to know that the results of his researches into the languages of the wild and little-explored country where his official duty had placed him have not been entirely lost, although the greater part of his papers were, we understand, burnt during the siege to which his residence was afterwards subjected. The article about to appear in the Asiatic Society's *Journal* is entitled "Notes on the Locality and Population of the Tribes dwelling between the Brahmaputra and Ningthi Rivers," the latter being the great western branch of the Irrawaddy. Its object is to indicate the districts inhabited by each tribe, the numbers of the tribe, its principal villages, and the names by which it is known to its own people and to the people of the plains; and to classify the different dialects philologically, noting and giving specimens of the different characters where they exist, and appending a list of thirty test words in most of the languages referred to, collected by Mr. Damant himself. Between the two great rivers there are members of the Tibeto-Burman, Tai, and Khási families, the first being the great majority. The subdivision of these families is a matter of considerable difficulty—e.g., of the Nágas alone there are at least thirty different tribes, all speaking different languages, each unintelligible to the others. Mr. Damant divides the Nágas into three sub-families, the western, central, and eastern, each of which embraces numerous tribes. The western is already fairly well known; but the eastern sub-family is involved in dire confusion, from which Mr. Damant seeks to extricate it. Beside the Nágas, the writer arranges the Kuki (including under this head the Manipúris, which are generally regarded as Naga) and the Kachari sub-families of the Tibeto-Burman group; and the Tai family. Of the Khási he has nothing new to say. The paper is full of information, and bears the stamp of personal research.

PROF. COSLIN, of Leiden, is preparing a grammar of early West-Saxon as preserved in three contemporary texts:—(1) The Parker MS. of the Chronicle in the library of Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, published both in Thorpe's and in Earle's edition; (2) Alfred's translation of the Cura Pastoralis, edited by Mr. H. Sweet for the Early-English Text Society; and (3) The Lauderdale MS. of Alfred's translation of Orosius's History of the World, now printing for the Early-English Text

Society under the editorship of Mr. Sweet. Mr. Sweet has himself prepared full verbal indexes—exhaustive for all but the commonest words—to all these texts, which will be published on the completion of his edition of Orosius, but it is uncertain in what form they will appear, as Mr. Sweet naturally wishes to avoid unnecessary rivalry with Prof. Cosijn.

DR. K. F. SÖDERWALL's dictionary of Old Swedish, which he undertook several years ago under the direction of the committee of the Old-Swedish Text Society, is now almost complete in MS., and the author has printed a specimen of the work under the title of *Några Svenska Medeltidsord förklarade af K. G. Söderwall* (Lund: Berling). The complete dictionary is intended to include all the words that occur in the publications of the above-mentioned society, and also many from the rest of the printed literature, with the exception of the laws, for which we have the very full and careful lexicon of Schlyter.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Thursday, March 4.) M. H. BLOXAM, Esq., in the Chair.—Mr. W. Thompson Watkin communicated a paper on Roman inscriptions discovered in Britain in 1879, which included notices of several in South Wales, two *Tabulae Honestae Missionis* from "Cilurnum" on Hadrian's Wall, and inscriptions from Bath, Lincoln, Durham, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other places. It appears that the past year has been rich in "re-discoveries." This is attributable to the gross carelessness of the *dilettanti* of the last century—a neglect which Mr. Watkin seems to be rapidly and earnestly remedying.—The Chairman read a paper on a monumental effigy in Lutterworth Church of a knight of the latter part of the fifteenth century, clad in armour, and wearing over it a long civilian's gown, belted round the waist, and having loose sleeves to the elbows, displaying the vambraces and elbow-pieces. This garment was described as "neither a surcote, nor a cyclas, nor a jupon, nor a tabard," but distinctly a layman's gown; and it exhibited a peculiarity in costume that the author had never met with elsewhere. In the same church, and on the same high tomb, is a figure of a lady habited in a long gown and a mantle, and wearing a *par precum*, or set of praying beads, by no means a common feature in a monumental effigy.—Mr. E. M. Dewing exhibited two small terra-cotta figures of women lately found near Bury St. Edmunds in a large vase, together with iron nails. Similar figures have been found, under different circumstances, at Colchester.—Mr. Utting sent a steel casket, early eighteenth-century work, not unlike Milanese art of an earlier period.—The Rev. R. D. Rawnsley exhibited an Egyptian bronze head of a staff of office of a very unusual character.—It was announced that the Bishop of Lincoln had accepted the presidency of the meeting of the Institute at Lincoln, which will take place on July 27.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, March 9.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., F.R.S., V.-P., in the Chair.—Mr. Francis Galton described the curious psychological fact on which he wrote a preliminary memoir in *Nature* of January 15. He found that about one in every thirty adult males and one in every fifteen females not only see numerals in a vivid mental picture whenever they think of them, but that each number is always seen in the same definite position in their mental field of view. Consequently, when they think of a series of numerals, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, &c., they are always mentally seen as if ranged in a regular pattern or form. These forms are invariable in the same individual; they date in all cases farther back than recollection extends; they are very vivid and quite independent of the will. They are of fantastic shapes, but no clue can be suggested as to their precise origin; they differ extremely in different people. Mr. Galton exhibited a collection of nearly sixty of these forms

furnished to him by friends and correspondents, whose descriptions of their general characters were curiously consistent and corroborated one another. All this is difficult to understand for the great majority of persons, who cannot visualise; but these should never assume that others cannot have a mental habit in which they themselves are deficient. Several of Mr. Galton's correspondents testified to their respective forms—viz., Mr. George Bidder, Q.C., the Rev. G. Henslow, Mr. Schuster, F.R.S., Mr. Roget, Mr. B. Woodd Smith, and Col. Yule, C.B. Mr. Henslow and Mr. Schuster saw their forms objectively, and could point to the direction and specify the apparent distance at which they saw them; but they appeared to the other gentlemen as it were in dreamland, without relation to external space. Mr. Galton showed that these forms were survivals of the mental processes of the child before the time when he could read, and connected their lines with those which govern handwriting and gesture, architecture of animals, and their characteristic movements. He also showed how marked were the traces of the mental conflict in the child between the verbal and visual system of arithmetic between ten and twenty. What the ear perceives at "ten," "eleven," &c., the eye reads as "one-nought," "one-one," &c. Accordingly the forms twist and bend at the tens and twelves, and are further modified at the teens. He thought from trials on his own mind that this conflict existed throughout life, and believed that our barbarous nomenclature was a serious bar to the ready acceptance of a decimal system of weights and measures. This habit of seeing numerals in forms is strongly hereditary.

FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.—(Tuesday, March 9.)

H. C. COOTE, Esq., F.S.A., in the Chair.—Mr. A. Nutt read a paper entitled "Critical Notes on Celtic Folk Tales and Helden-sage Tales." He pointed out the special importance of the Celtic folk tale, and criticised the existing schemes of the classification of *Märchen*. Then showing the necessity of a new system, Mr. Nutt classified Campbell's collection of West Highland tales according to his new system, and gave a detailed criticism of all the leading tales and compared them with allied tales in other collections. Then Helden-sage tales were dealt with in the same way, and a comparison made between Celtic and other European tales.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, March 11.)

F. OUVRY, Esq., V.-P., in the Chair.—The Rev. W. C. Lukis exhibited a collection of plans and drawings of stone monuments in Cornwall and on Dartmoor, which he had surveyed during the past summer in company with Mr. W. C. Borlase, of Penzance. These objects in Cornwall include:—Monoliths, single or in pairs, which are always sepulchral, some being of the Romano-British period; straight lines of monoliths, which are probably sepulchral, but it is difficult in most cases to determine how much of the original arrangement remains; stone circles, of various diameters, from 36 feet to 112 feet, the size of one at Lisburn; barrow cairns, including cromlechs and cists, which show no distinct evidence of belonging to a non-metallic age; holed stones, of which some, as at St. Gurrian, have holes barely large enough to admit the hand, while at Constantine there is one large enough for a man to pass through. These were supposed to possess curative powers. Of the dwelling enclosures, some consist of several circular huts, and others are apparently houses with several rooms. Of the caves there is an account in the *Proceedings* of the society in January 1869. Dartmoor possesses several cisted barrows, lines of stones leading to cairns, stone circles, and huts. All these are usually made of much smaller stones than were employed in Cornwall. Mr. Lukis also read a paper comparing the monoliths of Western Europe with those in Egypt. At Loomariaker, in Brittany, there is a granite monolith, now fallen, which is of nearly the same size as Cleopatra's needle, viz., 67 feet in length, 13 feet wide, 7 feet 6 inches thick, and weighing about 260 tons. At Plouarzel, near Brest, there is one erect, which measures 35 feet from the ground; and there are two others in Brittany, measuring 36 feet and 20 feet, which now have crosses placed on the summit. Forty years ago a similar stone stood on

Bellefleur, which must have been transported over ten miles of sea, and others once existed in the Islands of Hoedio and Houat. Few of these monoliths bear tool marks, and the only inscriptions are cup markings. They are all associated with grave-mounds, and in a tomb near one of these monuments there is a sculptured figure of an axe, which may have been an ensign of royalty. In Egypt obelisks were originally sepulchral, and subsequently were used to adorn temples and to commemorate triumphs. It is probable that these in Brittany were solely sepulchral, otherwise they would have been destroyed after the spread of Christianity, in accordance with the decrees of various Councils, which condemned stones that were connected with the idolatrous rites of paganism.—Lord Carnarvon joined the meeting in the course of the evening, and gave an account of the reference of the Ancient Monuments Bill by the House of Lords to a select committee, which will prevent the Bill being passed by the present Parliament—a matter of great regret considering the trouble that has been taken in getting it through the House of Commons.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 15.)

SIR H. C. RAWLINSON, K.C.B., President, in the Chair.—A paper was read, contributed by Capt. Durand, giving an account of his recent researches in the "Islands of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf," where he had found the remains of a vast number of tombs and, possibly, of temples, and a remarkable black stone bearing a very early cuneiform inscription. Sir Henry Rawlinson called attention to the great value of these excavations as throwing additional light on what has been already gained from the interpretation of the legends of Southern Babylonia. The Babylonians, he added, who were mainly instrumental in imparting civilisation to Western Asia, admitted having received all their knowledge from the mysterious islanders of the Persian Gulf, agreeably with the tradition preserved by Berossus of Oannes, the Fish-god. The inscription on the black stone he translated, "The palace of Rimugas, the servant of Mercury, of the tribe of Ogry."

FINE ART.

George Paul Chalmers, R.S.A. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THAT gradual and peaceable subjugation of England by the Scotch, which, so far as the high places of English art and literature are concerned, has resulted in the filling by Scotchmen of at least one place out of every three, has yet, it is worth notice, left Scotland unexhausted of eminent men in letters and the arts and Edinburgh in possession of much individual talent and energy to which we are yet strangers. In literature, of course, the wealth peculiar to Edinburgh is less marked, since diffusion is inevitable in literature; and in art its tendency is likewise towards diminution, though several names beside George Reid's could be mentioned as holding high rank justly in Scotland, while in London but little known. Sir George Harvey, almost popular, it is true, in England at one time through his pathetic pictures of the lives and troubles of the Covenanters, is yet not known at all—and is now perhaps hardly likely to be—by those abstracts of Scottish landscape which engaged his later years; yet, whatever were the unavoidable faults of his art, or those other faults which perhaps a more severe early training might have permitted him to be clear of, his landscape work caught the essentials of Highland scenery in a way, as Scotchmen no doubt truly tell us, which we must find it difficult to understand. And Paul Chalmers, the subject of the exquisitely

issued memorial volume now under our eyes, was a Scotch painter who only at the very end of his too brief life was beginning to be known beyond the Scottish border. Even in Edinburgh itself the recognition of his ability was slow; his powers were not of a kind to make early assertion of their claim to be valued. His work was often too tentative, too full of various and laborious effort, to win a popular success, or to gain the particular regard of those *connoisseurs* who exact a perfect achievement, and take note of no other. Yet, latterly, he had done a good deal to justify the great opinion of his friends. In landscape, in portraiture, and in pathetic *genre* pictures he had made his mark.

In his life itself there is little to chronicle. He was born in 1833 at Montrose, the little sea-board town of which the humble houses and rare towers lie packed together in a wide flat land and under a spacious sky. He died in 1878 in a public hospital, the victim of unexplained accident, at midnight, in the streets of Edinburgh. The dates are separated by forty-five years, during which hardly anything of outward incident is to be recorded, partly because he left nothing in the way of letters and papers that was at all revealing, and partly because his life was really as barren of outward events as it was full of devotion to the art which, for its own sake, and with hardly any heed either of pecuniary recompense or social success, he enthusiastically pursued. It was not so much this or that event of which the biographer can present a striking picture, as the softening and cultivating influences of every day, acting upon a mind instantly sensitive to cultivation, that wrought the change in him from the impetuous youth sick of the ship chandler's shop at Montrose and flinging a broom at the scolding chandler in token of final rupture with him, and the genial, refined, gracious, but most simple man whom those of us remember who have seen him, a little, in his last years at Edinburgh. The story is really one not of events at all, but of a character's slow and subtle development; and all that a biographer, all that a sympathetic analyst, could do with the subject has been done lovingly, yet with extreme fairness and with tasteful reticence, by Mr. Alexander Gibson in that section of the memorial volume which treats of the man himself rather than of his work. To say roughly and briefly what Mr. Gibson has said so carefully and, as far as the circumstances allow him, so completely, is not at all our object. The book itself must be gone to to judge fairly the character and the order of work. One extract, however, from Mr. Gibson's writing will show something of the characteristics of the subject as well as the delicacy of its treatment. He has been speaking of Chalmers's peculiar, nay, almost childlike or womanly, care to live in a society in which he was instinctively appreciated rather than either elaborately criticised or empty praised.

"Perhaps a great deal of that necessity for sympathy arose from the constant fits of depression which were inseparable from his nervous, excitable nature. These periods of reaction were constant and occasionally very deep, especially when he had some worry on hand, or when his work was not going on well with him. At these times he sat disconsolate

in his studio, or sometimes fairly burrowed in his house, and had to be dug out and comforted until his natural elasticity brought him up again. Those who only saw him in his sunny moods in society were apt to look upon him as an altogether bright, cheerful creature, and had no idea of the brooding, struggling existence in which much of his life was passed. The want of distinct intellectual purpose, and of resources apart from his art, left him very much at the mercy of the dominant feeling and the present time; and when these seemed unfavourable, he had not that power of discovering the future from the present feeling which helps most men through their periods of depression. His strength lay, not in his will, but in his intensity of feeling and his capacity for enjoyment; and, when these failed him, he was helpless. In one sense he was apt to drift through life, for he had not the faculty of looking clearly round him or before him, but was always at the mercy of his feelings; but, on the other hand, few men could be more consistent, for these guiding feelings were limited, pure, and strong. An almost necessary trait of such a character was the want of ambition, in the vulgar sense of it. What ambition he had was limited to high mastery of his art, without much regard for its popular recognition, or what fame or wealth might follow. He was singularly careless of the ordinary means which men take for the due recognition of their merits. When the recognition came in his way it pleased him, but he never stepped aside for it, and never envied it in those whom, if strongly pressed, he would have been compelled to call his inferiors. Apparently he never thought of leaving the narrow sphere of Edinburgh life, never even sent a picture to the Royal Academy, the one or two pictures that ever appeared there being sent by his friends, who always cared a great deal more for Chalmers's reputation than he did himself."

Of Paul Chalmers's pictures, my own knowledge is so fragmentary and scrappy that I am much more in a position to be instructed than to be critical in reading the account given of them by Mr. J. F. White, to whose writing on this purely artistic theme the second part of the volume is devoted. But it is obvious at once that it is thoughtful work, patiently making estimate of the art with which it has to deal. Especially interesting and thorough is the description of *The Legend*—a picture representative of Chalmers's highest labour, a *genre* picture of children, "drawn up in rude semicircle, facing the old woman, who, with uplifted hand, is telling her thrilling story." Mr. White not only brings the picture quite vividly before us, and shows us how in this and in that feature of it the painter was influenced by the artists he had most studied, but he makes it the occasion for insistence on Chalmers's pre-occupation with colour. It was colour, we remember, from Mr. Gibson's essay, of which he was wont to talk:—"His friend Pettie tells how he used to visit him at his lodgings"—this was in the days of his youth—"and stay talking with him until he had to remain for the night, still talking till they fell asleep, and their talk was all about colour." Outlines, Mr. White tells us, scarcely existed for Chalmers's eye: "it was the solidity, the roundness, of the object that struck him." Rembrandt and Velasquez were accordingly his masters. As years passed, though the pre-occupation with colour remained, the colours on the palette were fewer and simpler, and the effects he wrought

with these were more delicate and harmonious. "The variations of local colour under the action of light as it fell on different curves and planes, on projections and depressions, became a constant study to him." Work of detail, fitter, he thought, for pictures where they could be "smelt" instead of "looked at," was never welcome to Chalmers, but the avoidance of small detail never meant with him an avoidance of labour; and indeed he is set apart both from mediocre painters and from the greatest by the seemingly useless repetitions of his toils. He rarely knew where to stop; or rather, it was a temptation he could rarely resist to alter so much that practically it was a new beginning that was made. The pictures of his which we know are only too often "the toms" of the pictures which only he knew; and so much was this hesitation, dissatisfaction, and recommencement characteristic of his temperament and of his work that a peculiar significance—a pathos almost—belongs to the clever little print, one of several which add interest and prettiness to this work—the print recording the aspect of the back room piled with canvases waiting or canvases abandoned.

In Mr. White's criticism, apart of course from the direct reference to Chalmers, there is much that might provoke discussion. But for such discussion this is neither the place nor the occasion. It may be enough to name one point alone—the presumed capacity of the figure painter to deal with landscape without, as we understand it, the special training which he who is landscape painter alone has time to receive. Prosper Mérimée said, and Mr. White quotes the saying with no qualification, "On sait que tous les peintres qui ont excellé à représenter la figure humaine ont été les grands paysagistes lorsqu'ils ont voulu l'être." Prosper Mérimée uttered the opinion with easy grace; it was founded on an acquaintance chiefly with ancient landscape art, the art of a time when imaginative effort in landscape was less supported than it has since been by the accurate knowledge of natural fact and phenomena; and the opinion hardly commends itself to those who feel the supremacy of Turner, and see that it was the concentration of his labour upon one order of art which allowed to his knowledge and to the labour of his imagination such splendid results.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MINIATURES IN NEW BOND STREET.

THE Collection of Miniatures and Enamels now on view at the Dickinson Gallery, at 114 New Bond Street, contains some fine specimens of this beautiful and, alas! almost extinct art. Though not equal to the exceptionally fine gathering in the rooms of the Royal Academy last year, it is one which will repay more than one visit from anyone with tastes either historical or artistic. The contributions of the Duke of Beaufort, Lady Burdett-Coutts, and Mr. J. G. Fanshawe would of themselves constitute an exhibition of much attraction. The first-named sends a number of jewelled snuff-boxes decorated with miniatures, among which may be mentioned those of Cardinal Richelieu, La Marquise du Deffand, and Mdlle. Fontanges, all by Petitot. Beside a brilliant little collection by the same master, including portraits of Charles I., Charles II., and James II. (when Duke of York), Lady Burdett-Coutts contributes

several beautiful and important works by Peter Oliver. In these the lovely Venetia Lady Digby occurs frequently, but the most interesting of them is one of the hapless Lady Arabella Stuart, unfortunately much damaged, but full of strange, sweet charm. Of much historical interest are her portraits of two short-lived Princes of Wales—Prince Arthur (eldest son of Henry VII.) and Prince Henry (eldest son of James I.). Mr. Fanshawe also sends a miniature of this Prince Henry, as well as one of Prince Frederick (eldest son of George II.). The latter is part of an interesting group of portraits, printed on Battersea enamel, which includes one of George II. and another of the famous Elizabeth Gunning (Duchess of Hamilton). The most interesting of Mr. Fanshawe's miniatures is that of Elizabeth Cromwell, the mother of the Protector, whose fine face and firm expression seem to account for her son's power and will, but not for any of his unattractive qualities either of face or mind. One is inclined to say (after Talleyrand), "It must have been his father who was ugly." Of little less interest is a portrait of John Hampden and another of Milton, the latter by S. Cooper. Mr. Fanshawe's Cosways include a "Perdita," a charming portrait of Mrs. Fitzherbert and several of the Stanley family, one of which, representing the thirteenth Earl of Derby and his sister when children as Amorini, is especially beautiful. Like most of the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, the miniature lent by the Hon. R. C. Herbert does not help us to realise her powers of fascination. A portrait of James II. (*ætat*. nineteen), lent by Mr. Safe, shows quite a pleasant face, and should be compared with Lady Burdett-Coutts' miniature, above alluded to, where it is already beginning to harden. Lovers of Cosway should not fail to look at the Earl of Charlemont's lovely Elizabeth Marchioness of Conyngham or Sir T. Blomfield's little boy in a blue hat. Mr. Butler's three examples of Nicholas Hilliard are interesting and in a good state of preservation, showing the fresh bright colours and minute detail characteristic of the master; but the most important work in the collection, from an art point of view, is the very large miniature (if we may be allowed such a paradoxical expression) by Isaac Oliver, representing Anthony Maria Browne second Viscount Montague, and his brothers, John and William, attended by a serving man. The three brothers are in black satin, the servant in white. They are all full-lengths, most carefully drawn and delicately painted. One peculiarity of the picture is the resemblance between the brothers; another, the sombre colours employed. It is what Mr. Whistler might call an arrangement in black and gray. Every advantage is taken of the shoen texture of the brothers' garments to lighten the general effect. This most remarkable work is the property of the Marquis of Exeter. Of the later painters, Lord Charlemont's enamels by Bone, the Hon. Mrs. William Herbert's portrait of Mrs. Milbank by Sir William Ross, and Mr. Jemmett Browne's Lady Charlotte Bury by the same artist are good examples; and the portraits of Lady Wolverton and the Duchess of Manchester by Thorburn make one regret more than ever that this artist should have ever essayed a larger style. Among the curiosities of the exhibition are two fancy figures in bright coloured chalks executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence when sixteen years old.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

OBITUARY.

HENRY O'NEIL, A.R.A.

HENRY O'NEIL, the painter of *Eastward Ho!* and of *Home Again*, and of many other pictures at least as ambitious but not so successful, died on Saturday, the 13th. Of late years his

name has slipped out of notice, but the celebrity achieved by him more than twenty years ago was not wholly an accident, and it is likely that his best works will one day revive some interest in his career. He was born out of England, though of British parents, in 1817, and it is stated that he entered the schools of the Academy at the age of sixteen, in the year 1833, and that he subsequently became much associated with Alfred Elmore. In 1840 these two artists travelled together in Italy, and the painting of historical pictures engaged the attention of Henry O'Neil. He was a successful exhibitor, but it was not for many years that he did anything to give him a front place in popular favour. Before the end of the period of the Crimean War, or of the Indian Mutiny—we really forget which it was, for either would have served the occasion—Henry O'Neil painted *Eastward Ho!* and followed up its immediate triumph with *Home Again!* These were pictures of sterling merit as well as of sensational success. The first of them was full of character and pathos. It belongs to the order of historical pictures, and, in spite of its faults, it must some day be admitted to be historical. For it depicts vividly, with observation and with sympathy, an event scarcely less than national—the embarkation of our troops and the parting with kindred and with womenkind. Beyond the point reached by these quite remarkable though doubtless very faulty pictures, Henry O'Neil did not go. He subsequently painted the *Wreck of the Royal Charter*, a work we cannot remember, but which Mr. Anthony Trollope speaks of as his best, and *Canute*, which we remember unpleasantly. He painted likewise the *Death of Raphael*, with more attention to romantic feeling than command of the instruments of the painter. Gradually he fell into the commonplace, the mediocre, and thence into work with which criticism hardly cared to deal. Little is to be said for his landscape and his portraiture. Mr. O'Neil was a cultivated man, an amateur musician of some mark, happy with his violin. And latterly he was minded to be a writer. It is now indeed several years since he produced a pamphlet on French and English art, in which he displayed the painter's only too frequent inability to take any count of schools of art and methods of practice with which he is not himself chiefly in sympathy. His literary work in criticism was the work of a painter—it was not an appreciation, but an *ex parte* statement. Such writing, though it comes into the world with the advantage of having attached to it an eminent painter's name, does not last long. Mr. O'Neil's literary efforts are already well-nigh forgotten. *Eastward Ho!* will yet be remembered. And again, personal memories of the now departed artist are favourable and affectionate. He would probably have done more in life if he had spent himself less variously. But he was, after all, a considerable artist and a praiseworthy man.

DRAWINGS AT CHRISTIE'S.

MR. C. J. POOLEY'S large and important collection of water-colour drawings was sold lately at Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods'. It consisted for the most part of examples of the English water-colour art of two generations illustrious in water-colour—the generation of Girtin and Cozens, and that of David Cox and Dewint. A comparison, not without interest, is that which may be made between the prices fetched by the examples of David Cox occurring in this sale and those realised by the very same sketches, two years since, in the Stone Ellis sale—many of Mr. Pooley's drawings by Cox having come from that unique collection, the dispersion of which excited so much interest at the time. At the Stone Ellis sale the prices realised by the pure sketches of David Cox

were high beyond precedent, and it was pretty confidently predicted that they would never again be attained, many persons, unable to appreciate the genuine and potent genius of the master in his later time, having seen in the great value set upon his slighter works a merely temporary fashion. The prediction, it appears, has been falsified. Hardly more than a single drawing by Cox appearing at the recent Pooley sale sold for a less sum than it had commanded two years since at the Stone Ellis sale. In most cases the prices seem to have increased. In some they have, within this short time, actually doubled. It should be said that these Haddon sketches—executed in the year 1845 when Cox was already more than middle-aged, and was within fourteen years of his death—are, in point of date, the first great group of his works in which his genius was fully manifested. With them may be said to have begun his third and latest style—the style in which, for the first time, he manifested a potent individuality. As time progresses, and as the qualities which make artistic work really valuable get to be better understood, there is no doubt whatever that a yet further relative importance will be given to the work of Cox's later time over that of his earlier. His early work, finished and detailed, has its merit lying upon the surface; complete and somewhat petty in its realisation, it affords at once all the pleasure it is capable of affording. His later work, swift and summary—often marvellously slight, with a boldness which his absolute command of his subject justified—is a constantly enjoyable evidence of power to see and power to select. The touches are so few that they are to be counted; but each touch is priceless.

The drawing of *The Terrace*, Haddon, sold on Saturday for £59 17s. We are, for the moment, without the means of absolutely identifying it, but it was one of two drawings in the Stone Ellis sale the first of which sold for twenty-five guineas and the second for forty-one. It was probably the second, in which case a rise in value of about fifty per cent. has to be noted; in the other case the rise would be of more than one hundred per cent., but the former is, for several reasons, the more probable. The drawing of *The Garden Steps*, Haddon, sold for £52 10s. on Saturday week. It had fetched forty-six guineas at the Stone Ellis auction. *The Courtyard*, Haddon, reached £49 7s. at the recent sale. It had been sold for twenty-six guineas in the Stone Ellis collection. Haddon, from the *Bridge*, fetched £57 15s. the other day. We cannot quite certainly identify it in the Stone Ellis catalogue. *The Peacock Inn*, Rowsley, fetched £54 12s. *The Mill Head*, Rowsley, sold for £37 16s. It sold for thirty-one guineas on its former appearance. *The Monk's Walk*, Haddon, sold for £73 10s. Of David Coxes apparently not in the Stone Ellis sale we note *The Lost Path*, £69 6s.; *Harlech Castle*, £61 19s.; *A Scene in Wales*, £38 17s.; *Lamb bleating over Dying Ewe*, £110 15s. ("David Cox," says the Catalogue, "called this his cartoon"); *Evening*, a landscape with shepherd and sheep returning home, £126; *Cader Idris*, £74 11s.; *Snowdon*, £64; *Bettwys Old Church*, £204 15s.; *Rhyl Sands*, £168; *Driving to the Pasture*, £246; and *Take the Left Road*, £278 5s.

By J. M. W. Turner there were to be noted at this sale the *Valley of the St. Gothard*, £63; *The Val d'Aosta*, £78 15s.; *Battle Old Church* (from the Hough collection), £91 7s.; *Cassio-bury, House and Park* (from the Mendel collection), £504; *Fonthill* (from the Hough collection and from Fonthill), £525. The drawings by Girtin did not appear to be, on the whole, of the first quality, and hardly one of them reached prices which are commanded by his finer work. We note only among Girtin's works *St. Agatha's Abbey*, £19 19s.; *Norwich*, £21 10s. 6d.; *Valle Crucis Abbey*, £19 19s.; *Jedburgh Abbey* (from the

Hough collection), £27 6s.; *Norham Castle*—a favourite subject with Turner—£36 15s.; *Guisborough*, £36 15s.; *Lincoln Cathedral*, £63; and *Richmond, Yorkshire*, £78. By Cozens there were no examples, or, at all events, hardly any, of the first quality, save perhaps *Rome*, £84. By H. Edridge we note the *Prison of the Conciergerie*, Paris, £45 3s.; by John Varley a *View near Eton*, £17 17s.; *Harlech Castle*, £35 14s.; and a *Grand Classical Landscape* of the kind that engaged Varley's attention after his earlier days, £75 2s. By J. Glover, *The Bass Rock*, £25 4s., and *Friars' Crag, Derwentwater*, £50 8s. By F. Nicholson, *Chester*, £34 13s. By R. P. Bonington—an artist sometimes over-rated, and as devoid of sentiment as was William Müller—a *Street in Verona*, £19 8s. 6d. By William Hunt there seemed specially noteworthy one of his rare town views; simple and masterly drawings, often far more interesting than his most successfully laboured representations of flowers and fruits, or of the rustics of his choice. This drawing was one of *St. Martin's Church*, Trafalgar Square; it had been, if we mistake not, recently seen at an exhibition in Bond Street. It fetched in the late sale £74 11s. The drawings by John Sell Cotman did not include any of the very best of that admirable master of the Norwich School. One of *Evening*, rocks returning home, sold for £29 8s. By David Roberts there was an *Approach to Mount Sinai*, stated to be from Lord Bllesmere's collection, which fetched £52 10s. By Luke Clennell, the *Highland Ferry Boat*—a favourable example of the work of a very gifted artist never, perhaps, fully appreciated by the public—£67 4s. George Barrett was represented by some notable landscapes of highly finished evening effects, such as it was his wont to execute. For example, *Sunset*, £126; the *Return from Labour*, £52 10s.; *The Gondola*, £141 15s.; *The Undercliff*, Isle of Wight, £94 10s. A Cattermole—*Colonel Pride's Purge*—from the Quilter collection, realised £162 15s.; and another, *The Farewell*, from the Gillott collection, fetched £147. By Samuel Prout there was the drawing of *Albert Dürer's Well at Nuremberg*, which realised £89 5s.; an *Old Church at Tours*, £90 8s.; *Portsmouth*, £120 15s.; *Chartres Cathedral*, £74; and *The Temple of Mars, Rome*, £96 12s. By William Müller, a clever drawing of *Gillingham*, from the collection of Mr. Constable, of Arundel, £60 18s. By George Fennell Robson—a very sterling, if not always a very attractive and individual, artist in water-colour painting—there appeared the fine drawing of *Ely*, a large work from the Leaf collection, and exhibited at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. It fetched on this occasion £194 5s. Copley Fielding was well represented by *Dartmouth* and by the *Sussex Downs*, the former of which reached £111 and the latter £74 11s. Sir Augustus Calcott was probably best represented by a *River Scene in Devon*, which sold for £117 12s. There were a fair number of drawings by Peter Dewint, of which some were notable examples of his broad manner and easy mastery of his themes. *A Barge on the Thames* by this artist fetched £68 5s.; *Old Houses in Lincoln*, £73 10s.; *Borrowdale*, £86 2s.; a *Coast Scene on the Mediterranean*, "from Mrs. Tatlock's sale," £46 4s.; *The Haweswater Mountains*, from the western terrace, Lowther Castle, £94 10s.; *Kenilworth*, £88 4s.; and *The Hayfield*, £178 10s.

The entire sum realised by the sale of Mr. Pooley's collection of drawings was £8,937 12s., and the sale was attended by many of the principal English amateurs and dealers. Among the chief purchasers the priced Catalogue will be found to include the names of Messrs. Agnew, Vokins, Hogarth, Maclean, White, Grundy and Smith, Grindlay, Radley, Hallett, Wertheimer, the "Fine Art Society," Palsler, Corbett, and others. No sale of English water-colours of equal importance has occurred for a

considerable period, and a general review of the prices certainly shows no diminution in the value of drawings by the greater men of the last generation and of the last but one. It would appear from other sales that it is the works of living artists not admittedly of the first rank which are this year, and which have been for the last year or two, suffering most in value when offered to public competition.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. HENRY LEMON, the well-known engraver of *Harvey showing the Circulation of the Blood* and some of Webster's famous pictures, has lately completed a large-sized line-engraving of the Beaconsfield Cabinet, comprising twelve figures. The work has occupied Mr. Lemon for four years, and is taken from the painting by Mr. Charles Mercier. The engraving is published by Messrs. Colnaghi of Pall Mall.

MR. ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A., contemplates contributing to the forthcoming Royal Academy a large work measuring seven by four feet of the Duke of Marlborough after the Battle of Ramillies. The Duke, followed by several officers and a body of cavalry, is just riding up to the French position over a slight hillock, while the troops rush from their bivouac fires to cheer him. On the Duke's right are the battered and smouldering ruins of the village.

THE picture of the *Chinese Lady*, which is the first of the kind ever painted by a European artist, and which was inspected last season by the Queen at Windsor, is now on view in the saloon of the Folly Theatre, where it attracts considerable notice by the frequenters of the theatre. The work is from the brush of Mr. Walter Goodman, whose portrait of the Chinese ambassador was exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Goodman is at present engaged upon a portrait of Mr. Wilkie Collins. This distinguished writer has never sat to any artist since he was quite a young man.

MR. J. D. LINTON, whose first public experiment in oil-painting was made only two years ago, will exhibit at the Grosvenor Gallery a large and important work in oil—the first completed of a projected series of six destined for the decoration of a large house. The six scenes will represent incidents in the life of a soldier—"incidents," we say advisedly, rather than the career—for they will be painted in accordance with what is pretty well known to be the creed of Mr. Linton in regard to pictorial art: that the execution must count for more than the subject, and that a painting must be picturesque and pleasant to the eye, whether or no it has, at the same time, an interest, literary or historical. There is therefore nothing remarkable in the artist having decided to begin his series with a painting which will not finally take its place as the first of the set, but rather as the fourth. Without regard to what may come before or what may follow after, the soldier is here seen in young middle-life—say, at the age of six or eight and thirty—and on an occasion of triumph. Returning from war, in which he has been victorious, the soldier, a young general, is introduced to the Court, accompanied by a swarthy captive and by many rich spoils. The king and queen sit on their thrones on a dais to the left of the design. The middle of the picture is occupied by the figures of the general and of the captive as they stand out in the large and stately audience chamber, hung with banners and carpeted with Eastern fabrics; while the right side of the picture is filled with a group of the followers of the warrior—his captains and lieutenants. As the picture is not yet quite finished, the present is not the time—nor, indeed, is this the place—in which to criticise as well as to describe it. The scheme is so large, the amount of subject

forced upon the painter by the incident depicted necessarily so great, that it is conceivable that the simple charm and glory of colour which the artist has often sought for in his work in water-colour will be here less apparent than in certain of his other productions. The complexity of detail will at all events render it more difficult for the chief interest of the work to consist in the display of qualities which are wholly those of the painter. The interest of character cannot fail to be introduced, and something of the interest of a story, and the artist will be forced to make more of these than he has sometimes been accustomed to do when the fascination of colour and line were found sufficient, and when, indeed, some agreeable arrangement of hue or of form constituted the chief motive of the picture.

WE understand that a new and thoroughly revised edition of Miss Kate Thompson's *Handbook to the Public Picture Galleries of Europe* will be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. before Easter. A new and, it is hoped, useful feature in this edition is the insertion of about two hundred outline illustrations of some of the most typical pictures of the Great Masters, accurately drawn from the originals and reproduced most faithfully by the Typographic Etching Company. Though necessarily on a small scale, it is hoped that the drawings may serve to recal the details of each composition to those who have seen the pictures, and enable the visitors to the different galleries to recognise at once the chief pictures mentioned in the text.

CONSIDERED as a composition, M. de Neuville's picture of *The Defence of Rorke's Drift*, now on view at the Fine Art Society's gallery in New Bond Street, is in many parts skilful, and it is certainly spirited. The line of figures carrying the sick from the blazing hospital is well conceived, and the foremost, a stalwart sailor, strikes us as excellent, both as regards figure and face. The attitude of the chaplain, the Rev. G. Smith, who, as the printed description of the picture tells us, was "ready to administer cartridges as well as spiritual consolation," is easy and probably life-like. He is for the moment devoting himself to the former branch of duty, and, although a keen sense of propriety has prevented him from divesting himself of his inconveniently long clerical coat, he is energetically exploring the recesses of his unclerical haversack in which the cartridges are stored. At the same time he is "administering" some consolation of the non-spiritual kind to one of the gallant defenders of the barricade, who, by-the-way, unless he alters the direction of his outstretched hand, is not likely to grasp the cartridges. Commissary Dalton's face is carefully painted, but, unless his legs are abnormal, considerable injustice is done to them by the painter. Many of the other figures are drawn with vigour, but the countenances are rather devoid of expression—a remark, however, which certainly is not applicable to the diabolical looking "mounted" Zulu in the distance. The smoke from the burning roof of the hospital is singularly flat and woolly, and distributes itself in the atmosphere in a somewhat erratic manner. The hillside to the left, Oscarberg Hill—stated to be only four hundred yards from the buildings—is painted as uncertainly as if it were miles off, and we have failed to find any traces of the caves indicated in the pen-and-ink sketch which hangs in another part of the room. We are not satisfied that all the lights in the picture are rightly placed, and there seems to us to be a lack of concentration in this and other respects. The scarlet in some of the soldiers' coats strikes us as crude, but in other respects the colouring is not garish; there is plenty of life and movement in the picture, and it will doubtless attain considerable popularity.

THERE is an important project now before

the Manchester public. The "Royal Institution for the Promotion of Literature, Science, and Art" is the property of a body of shareholders who are precluded by its constitution from ever reaping any pecuniary advantages even from its dissolution. The council have recommended that it should be offered to the city as an art gallery on condition that the town council provide an endowment fund of £50,000 in order that £2,000 yearly may be spent in the purchase of works of art. The Royal Institution site and building, which is one of Barry's best, is, with its small permanent gallery, probably worth £100,000. This scheme has still to receive the sanction of the shareholders and of the city council. The pictures belonging to the institution include two very fine Ettys, a considerable number of more or less genuine Old Masters, and a few modern works of interest and value. Manchester has long needed an art gallery, and it is a matter of surprise that none of her merchant princes have imitated the example of Sir William Brown and Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool.

THE *Journal* of the Society of Arts contains a very interesting paper read by Mr. John Sparkes, head-master of the classes at South Kensington, at the meeting of the society on the 10th inst., "On the Further Development of the Fine Art Section of the Lambeth Pottery," in which he gives a clear and concise account of the history of Doulton ware from its commencement till the present day, noting particularly the beautiful recent introductions of new bodies and processes, such as the glazeless "jasper," Lambeth "faience," *pâte-sur-pâte*, and "impasto painting." The paper is illustrated with woodcuts of choice examples and the monograms of the clever band of artists which Mr. Henry Doulton has been so judicious and successful in encouraging. No one can be better entitled to speak of the distinctive merits of these artists than Mr. Sparkes, so long the master of the Lambeth School of Art, where nearly all of them received their education. His paper is a chapter of the history of art in England of which the nation may well be proud. The beautiful collection of Doulton ware exhibited at the meeting was on view in the society's rooms on Friday, the 12th inst., and Saturday and Monday last.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot by the classical professors at King's and University Colleges, in conjunction with the committee of the King's College Lectures to Ladies, to provide for instruction in Greek art, and to utilise the collections of the British Museum with that object. Mr. O. T. Newton, C.B., has undertaken to deliver the first course, consisting of eight lectures on Greek Sculpture and Painting, at the Botanical Theatre, University College, during the months of May and June next, commencing May 5. The lectures will be accompanied by visits to the British Museum, and will have special reference to the works of art which can be studied there. The co-operation of the principal colleges and schools in and near London will be invited; and, if the present movement is well supported, it is hoped that much may be done thereby to facilitate the systematic study of Greek art as a branch of classical education, which has recently been so strongly advocated in several quarters. Prospectuses may be obtained from Prof. G. O. Warr, King's College, Strand; from Prof. A. Goodwin, University College, Gower Street; or from Miss Schmitz, secretary to the King's College Lectures to Ladies, 5 Observatory Avenue, Kensington, W.

THE annual exhibition of the "Impressionistes" is to open early in April.

M. BARBET DE JOUY has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts in place of M. Montaliyot.

M. BENJAMIN FILLON, the eminent collector, writing in the current number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, makes known two unpublished documents containing certain indications relating to the great engraver, Marcantonio Raimondi. The first of these simply records the names of Marcantonio and his father Andrea on the title-page of an Aldine edition of Aulus Gellius, published in 1515; the second is a letter written from Bologna in March 1659 by a certain Deshayes (possibly Jean Deshayes, a French engraver) to François Langlois, in Paris. In this letter the writer records that he has visited a bookseller at Bologna who claims to be descended from a bastard son of Marcantonio, who was also a famous engraver, like his father. Marcantonio left this son some property at Argini, near Bologna, at his death; and his descendant, the Bolognese bookseller, still possessed four copper-plates and a book of drawings by Marcantonio, as well as a number of plates by the son, who was baptised by the name of Giorgio and surnamed Benedetto Verine, after his mother. These are slight details, but still they are of interest in the paucity of information regarding Marcantonio's life, and it would be extremely interesting to find out something more about this son, whose name has not hitherto been known. M. Fillon hazards a surmise as to whether he may not be the same as the master who generally signed his plates with a die, but sometimes with the initials "B.V." The Master of the Die was certainly an imitator of Marcantonio, but until we gain further particulars it is useless to frame hypotheses regarding the productions of this newly discovered son of the great engraver.

ROUEN is a town that has long been noted for its appreciation of the fine arts. Its exhibitions rank among the most important of all in the French provinces, and have always attracted a large number of distinguished contributors. Its permanent gallery also reckons some important works, and these have increased so greatly of late that a new museum has become necessary to hold them. This new museum, which is to be a picture gallery and a library in one, has indeed been begun, and the pictures from the ill-lighted old gallery in the Hôtel de Ville have been removed to one wing of it, which is already finished. The entire building will, when completed, include another wing and a large central building. It has been designed on the same plan as several of the newly constructed European galleries, and is said to leave nothing to be desired in point of convenience of arrangement.

It has been proposed by M. de Chennevières that portraits of all the members of the French Academy shall be placed in an album and preserved in the library of the Institute. These portraits should be either drawn or engraved, and executed by the principal artist-academicians. The proposal is to be discussed at the next meeting of the Academy.

The third centenary of the death of Andrea Palladio will be publicly celebrated in Vicenza on August 10.

WE hear from Montecassino that the celebration of the centenary of St. Benedict has been postponed until April 4. The *fièrtes* will last three days, and the wonderful frescoes of the band of German Benedictines entrusted with the restoration of the abbey are expected to attract a throng of artistic visitors.

THE Neapolitan archaeologist, Prof. Giulio Minervini, is now employed on a descriptive catalogue of the terra-cottas in the Museo Campano at Naples. This museum, which was only established a few years ago, contains a precious collection of more than five thousand terra-cottas.

M. CHARLES BLANC, who is at present

occupied with his course of lectures at the Collège de France on the Italian painters of the fifteenth century, is also, according to the *Moniteur Universel*, preparing a complete history of painting at this period. This will be published, when ready, in the form of a magnificent illustrated work, giving reproductions of all the great pictures executed by Italian painters before the full triumph of the Renaissance in the sixteenth century. His desire seems to be to show how much was achieved by the precursors of Raphael and Michelangelo, and how these great masters only consummated the work that was begun by Lippo Lippi, Masaccio, and other distinguished artists of the preceding century.

THE new number of the *Etcher* more than maintains the character of the periodical, which is now about the first of our artistic monthlies. Mr. Chattock's etching of "Tintagel" is a picture both poetical and forcible, and the little poem that accompanies it is thoroughly welcome on its merits as excellent verse, with high feeling and happy expression of it. Mr. Murray's etching of "The Tiger"—with verses by Blake—is adroit, but not very interesting. Baron von Gleichen-Russwurm contributes a winter landscape—skaters in Holland—which it is truly said reminds one, by its theme, of Isaac van Ostade, as indeed of many another Dutch painter. The transitions from dark to light may possibly be too abrupt, but all modes of representation are necessarily conventional, and the present etching is successful in the sense that it is a striking picture.

In the *Portfolio* this month there is an article by Miss Julia Cartwright that will interest most readers. It is entitled "Varallo and her Painter," and gives an inviting description of the beautiful old town of Varallo in the Val Sesia, one of the valleys which lie around the southern slope of Monte Rosa. This lovely spot has a reputation for sanctity, for just above the town is the Sacro Monte with its chapel built in 1493 in exact imitation of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Hither crowds of pilgrims flocked in former times, and even now, at any of the chief festivals of the Church, this secluded little sanctuary receives numerous devotees. The painter, *par excellence*, of this region is the graceful Gaudenzio Ferrari, who was Raphael's assistant in Rome. Gaudenzio was born in the Val Sesia in 1484; and though he left it after a time to study at Milan, Perugia, and Rome, he returned to fill all the churches of his native valley with his lavish conceptions. More especially at Varallo, where he lived for many years surrounded by pupils, are his elaborate representations of sacred events to be seen. Two views of the Sacro Monte, etched by E. Yon, give some idea of this little-known locality, and show that Miss Cartwright has not exaggerated her description of its beauty. A refined portrait study of a young girl, by P. H. Calderon, etched by C. O. Murray, which is given as a frontispiece, will also be likely to prove an attraction in this number of the *Portfolio*.

THE fourth number of the *American Art Review* contains various articles of value and some excellent etchings. Of the articles of more than American interest perhaps the chief is a short sketch, from the pen of Prof. E. S. Morse, of Hokusai (or Hokusai), the founder of the modern Japanese school of drawing. This account, which is partly based on the work of Dr. Anderson, of the British Legation at Tokio (*History of Japanese Art*), and partly on information contributed by an old pupil of Hokusai's, offers a charming picture of the artist who, springing from the ranks of the people and working with unwearied industry till his ninetieth year, wrought a complete revolution in Japanese design. He was born in 1760, but

did not become famous till 1810, when his *Maiguwa* (or "Ten Thousand Sketches") began to appear. It is curious, indeed, that an artist whose motto was "the return to nature," who "went on studying, not from books, but from nature," should have appeared in the farthest East at the very moment when Wordsworth and Turner were beginning to teach the same lesson among ourselves. The chief illustrations of the number, beside those from the Japanese, are two etchings by the brothers Thomas and Peter Moran, and one (first printed by the Viennese Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst) by Forberg, after Salentin's *Prayer in the Forest*. Mr. Thomas Moran's *The Passaic Meadows* is a lovely study of still water, and lush grasses, and distant trees. The American etchers of landscape are pressing very close after their European brethren.

ONE of the most charming works of sculpture that the modern Italian chisel has lately produced is now being packed in its temporary sarcophagus to be shipped for London, where it will be, without doubt, one of the most attractive objects of the spring exhibitions. We hear that it is to go to the Grosvenor Gallery, and the managers of that valuable institution may congratulate themselves on the temporary possession of so fine a work. It is the result of some years of thoughtful study and careful execution, the conception and the work of the Cav. Francesco Fabi-Altini. It represents *Galatea* seated upon a rock, about which the waters gently surge, fearful to moisten the tender foot round which they play. Her head inclines over the right shoulder, and is elegantly dressed with leaves and shells, intertwined with strings of pearls. The right hand, gracefully raised over the head, holds a drapery, disposed with much elegance, falling over her back and slightly filled, sail-like, by the breeze; the lower portion of this drapery covers the rock on which she sits, in part passing over the right thigh and gently held by the left hand. The expression of the whole figure is of perfect purity and graceful simplicity, free from a too naturalistic realisation, avoiding at the same time false sentimentality. In short, it is an elegant and refined work, executed with admirable skill, in a marble of remarkably fine quality.

WE hear from Florence that crowds of people have been pouring out from that city every day this week to see the famous San Donato collection. As many as 10,000 visitors were admitted on March 12, yet nothing was touched or injured, for the Florentines are a most orderly people, and submit to regulations with a much better grace than the English. It is believed that the attendance at the sale will be enormous, for dealers and connoisseurs have been attracted from all parts of the world by the fame of this immense collection.

THE STAGE.

TO-DAY the *Merchant of Venice* is performed at the Lyceum for the last time this side of Good Friday, and a rest is entered upon which has been merited by all—from Mr. Irving down to the two young stage Venetians who lie on their backs on the Riva dei Schiavoni in the first scene, and are idle as only Italians and stage supernumeraries know how to be. The great run of the piece has not thus far resulted in materially damaging the artistic excellence of the performance. Shylock is intelligent, studious, and subtle at every moment, and at times passionate and moving. Portia is as elegantly restless and perturbed, and as quick with tears and laughter as she was on the first representation. Bassanio is what he has been from the beginning—vigorous and honest, but never quite satisfactory, till the scenes of playfulness in that beautiful garden at Belmont. Antonio is a little phlegmatic, as Shakspeare made

him. Gratiano is happily lively, and not so uncomfortably boisterous as stage tradition generally urges him to be. Jessica is as wily a little Jewess as the Jews' Quarter could show. The piece is to be played again, after the brief holiday, for yet many weeks more. But the *Corsican Brothers* is understood to be promised for production some time before the close of the season, nor will the manager be sacrificing the interests of art when he produces it; for melodrama is a form of stage work into which, if genuine artists engage in it, art may largely enter. It is, perhaps, even easier to be inventive and fresh in that department than in the well-worn characters of older standing on the stage.

A NEW comedy, or comedy-drama—a term of curious ugliness—is, it is stated, actively preparing at the Vaudeville, the name of its author not being yet announced. We believe it was Mr. Burnand who suggested in a recent number of the *Theatre* that the fairest condition for the production of a stage play was its production under cover of the anonymous. Prejudice and prepossession can then have no part in the formation of opinion. We do not know whether Mr. Burnand's plan is to be adopted at the Vaudeville when the new piece is brought out. Dramatists are not very easy to satisfy. Mr. Byron not long ago laid down a statement as to the fair conditions for criticism. He objects to the professional critic basing his verdict on a first-night performance. But it has since been pointed out to him by Mr. Dutton Cook that, on the whole, dramatists have quite exceptional advantages in the present conditions of criticism. The public, not perhaps really more eager about a new play than about a new volume, is yet supplied, through the traditions of journalism, with a report directly it is produced, and its foundation is generally the verdict pronounced in friendliest fashion by a first-night audience "packed" for the most part—we must venture to say—by manager and friends. Mr. Byron lays down excellent laws for ideal criticism. A piece must be seen more than once; the literature examined independently of the performance. But criticism is practical work. And it is not invariably that our stage plays would be found to repay that close and repeated attention upon which the ideal criticism is to be based.

THE success of *Macbeth* at New Sadler's Wells—with Mrs. Crowe as Lady Macbeth—has led to its repetition this week, and *Hamlet* will speedily follow, to witness to the energy with which the management pursues its Shaksperian enterprise.

WE may next week have occasion to speak of the new programme at the St. James's Theatre, which is an attractive one, Mr. Tom Taylor's *Still Waters Run Deep*—an old and favourite comedy—running alongside of a new and original *lever de rideau* of which good things are said.

MUSIC.

A "FAUST SYMPHONY" BY F. LISZT.

"Programme-music is a legitimate genre of the art." "Programme-music is a degenerate species of instrumental music." These two propositions, the former from Fr. Niecks' remarks, "A propos of Liszt," and the latter from a well-known History of Music, show that in speaking of the Faust symphony we are treading on dangerous ground. Liszt has, however, departed from his usual plan of giving an explanatory programme by way of preface. The title of the work is "A Faust Symphony (after Goethe)" in three character-pictures—(1) Faust, (2) Gretchen, (3) Mephistopheles, with choral ending. "All that is transient is but a semblance." Thus the composer merely names the subject or subjects which occupied his mind during the composition of the work, and each listener, having the source of the

musician's impressions revealed to him, is at liberty to interpret the music more or less according to his own fancy. Fr. Niecks complains of the unpardonable neglect of Liszt's works. He also adds, "The fact is, Liszt never got fair play." Well, the reproach of neglect certainly does not apply to Mr. Walter Bache, who, with much patience, has laboured year after year in the cause of his master and friend, and the magnificent performance of one of the composer's most representative and characteristic works at Mr. Bache's sixteenth annual concert last Tuesday at St. James's Hall is, at any rate, a proof of "fair play." It is impossible not to agree with Niecks' concluding sentence—"After all, the best that can be done for Liszt is to let him speak for himself."

The word "symphony" in the music before us is somewhat misleading. It is an old word with a new meaning. The main features of the classical form are preserved, but the number, order, and metamorphoses of the themes, the frequent changes of time, measure, and key, and especially the character of the third movement, are all peculiar to Liszt. It is a very long work, occupying more than one hour in performance. The introductory part of the first movement contains two motives, the second of which plays a prominent part throughout the work, and is justly described (by Niecks in his analysis) as the Faust motive *par excellence*. In the *allegro agitato* which follows, three more themes are introduced—the first, restless and agitated; the second, melancholy and impassioned; and the last, energetic and triumphant. These motives, with their peculiar combinations and developments, form the musical portraits of Faust, who appears either lost in gloomy meditation, struggling to grasp the infinite, cursing the world as a hollow mockery, or urged on by the spirit of endeavour and enthusiasm. All these motives are characteristic and well contrasted; the workmanship is of great merit, the orchestration clever and effective, and the whole movement one of great power and originality.

The second portion ("Margaret") of the work is full of poetry and charm. It opens after a short prelude with a flowing and graceful melody, which, of course, depicts Margaret; but the subsequent entry and development of themes from the first movement show that Faust is still the centre of attraction, but changed and soothed by Gretchen's pure love and devotion.

This section is short and easy of comprehension. The charming motives, the skilful and interesting Faust episode, and the wonderful delicacy of the orchestration, all combine to render the movement most pleasing and satisfactory.

The third section of the work again presents to us Faust, but now under the influence of Mephistopheles, "the spirit that ever denies." The motives of the first movement re-appear, but they are sadly changed. They have lost their former seriousness and power. The mocking spirit of the fiend has taken hold of Faust, and the music becomes weird and devilish. Traces of the influence of Berlioz are here apparent. The orchestration is masterly, and it is certainly a wonderful tone picture; but, while acknowledging its skill and cleverness, we frankly confess, after a first hearing of the work, that we think the first two movements more powerful, and more impressive.

The symphony ends with an *andante mistico* (men's chorus, tenor solo, and orchestra). The chorus chants in a simple but solemn manner some lines from the second part of Goethe's *Faust*. The tenor solo (excellently sung by Mr. Barton McGuckin) is taken from the Margaret theme. "And thus," says Niecks, "all struggles being past, the close is one of perfect bliss and peace."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

THEATRES.

COURT THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. WILSON BARRETT.

To-night, at 8, a Play, in five acts,
THE OLD LOVE and the NEW.
By BROOKMAN HOWARD and J. ALBERT. Messrs. Coghlan, Fisher, Leathers, Price, Dacre, Holman, Benn, Douglas, Phillips, and Anson; Mesdames A. Roselle, Emery, Giffard, J. Roselle, and White.
Morning Performance of "The Old Love and the New," Saturday, April 3, at 2. Box-office from 11 till 5. No fees.

DUKE'S THEATRE, Holborn.

Managers, HOLT and WILMOT.

To-night, at 7.30, a new dramatic Play, in four acts, by the late JOHN WILKINS, Author of "Civilization," entitled
THE BATTLE OF THE HEART.
Mr. C. Holt, Miss F. Brough, and full Company.
At 9.30, Miss Lisa Weber and her Burlesque Troupe (specially engaged) in BURNAND'S Extravaganza, PARIS.
New scenery, dresses, &c.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.

TOOLE, to-night, in three pieces (for a few nights only).
At 8, THE SPITALFIELDS WEAVER.
At 9, the celebrated trial, BARDELL v. PICKWICK.
At 10, OUR CLEVERKS.
At 11, IN THE ORCHARD.
Doors open at 7. Prices 1s. to 5s. Box-office 11 till 5. No fees for booking. "The Upper Crust," a new and original comic Drama, in three acts, by H. J. BYRON, will shortly be produced.

GLOBE THEATRE.

Saturday, March 20th, the last Night of
LES GLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE.

To-night, at 8, this celebrated Opera, with new scenery, new dresses, and new effects.
Messrs. Shiel Barry, Edward Marshall, Frederic Darrell, C. Ashford, and Wilford Morgan; Mesdames Kate Munroe, Laura Clement, Clara Graham, Kate Chorley. Increased band and chorus. Conductor, Mr. E. SOLOMON.
Preceded, at 7, by the Oriental Extravaganza,
THE HAPPY MAN.
Mr. Shiel Barry, &c. Doors open 6.30, close at 11.0.
Stage Manager, Mr. H. B. FANTIE.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.

Shakspeare's Comedy, AS YOU LIKE IT.
Every afternoon at 3, in which Messrs. Lionel Brough, Herman Vezin, W. Farron, Kyrie Bellow, F. Everill, E. F. Edgar, J. Bannister, C. Coe, G. Coventry, F. Charles, E. Allbrook, F. Stephens, G. Trevor, C. Bunch, and Miss Litton, Miss Cresswell, Miss Branton, Miss Sylvia Hodson will appear.
The overture and incidental music selected and arranged by Mr. Barnard from the works of Dr. Arne, Bishop, Farren, Martini, and C. Horne. The Comedy produced under the personal superintendence of Miss Litton.
Stage Manager, Mr. Coe.
The doors open at 2.30; Overture at 2.45; Comedy precisely at 3; Carriages 5.45.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.

This Theatre will be CLOSED on MONDAY next, MARCH 22nd, and the four following evenings, RE-OPENING on SATURDAY MORNING next, 27th MARCH, with THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
The Box Office remains open as usual except on Friday.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.

Proprietor and Manager, Mrs. S. F. BATEMAN.

SERIES OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.
OTHELLO, having been received with marked favour, will be given for Five additional Nights, beginning MARCH 22nd, with Mr. Hermann Vestin as Othello and Mr. W. H. Vernon as Iago; Emilia, Mrs. Charles Calvert; Desdemona, Miss Carlisle.
At EASTER, TOM TAYLOR'S famous Comedy-Drama, CLANCARTHY.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Saturday, March 20th, the Last Night of
CHILDREN'S PINAFORE—EVENING PERFORMANCE.

To-night, at 7.45, a new and original Vaudeville, written by F. DESPREY, music by ALFRED CELLIER, IN THE BULK.
Characters by Mr. Richard Temple, Mr. F. Thornton, and Miss La Rue.
At 8.30, THE CHILDREN'S PINAFORE.
Being a representation of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN'S popular Opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore" (all the characters sustained by children). At 10.30, AFTER ALL.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE.

This Evening, at 7.50, an original Comedietta,
A HAPPY PAIR.
By S. THYRE SMITH. At 8.40, HERMAN MERIVALE and F. C. GROVES'S original Play,
FORGET-ME-NOT.
(By arrangement with Miss Genevieve Ward.)
Miss Genevieve Ward (in her original character, Forget-me-Not), Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Kate Pettison, Mrs. Leigh Murray, Miss Layton, Mr. John Clayton, Mr. Flookton, Mr. J. G. Shore, Mr. Ian Robertson, and Mr. Edgar Bruce.
No Fees of any description. The Box-office open daily between 11 and 5.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS. Doors open at 7.30.

ROYALTY THEATRE.

Managers, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. BURNETT.

This evening, at 8.15, J.O.
Messrs. J. P. Burnett, Groves, Charteris, Crisp, Wilkinson, Edwards, Leigh; Mesdames Bennett, Brunel, Robertson, K. Lee, Steele, Drummond, and Jennie Lee.
At 7.15, THE GOOSE with the GOLDEN EGGS.

ROYAL CONNAUGHT THEATRE.

This evening, at 7, WHO SPEAKS FIRST? Mr. Walter Joyce.
LOCKED OUT. Mr. Howard Paul, Miss Lesley Bell.
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Miss Caroline Hill, Mr. Kyrie Bellow.
Incidental. HUNCHBACK BACK AGAIN.
Mr. E. Bighton; Mesdames Kate Lawler, Amalia, Lizzie Coote, &c.